THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1989 }

FALLING ASLEEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hush, my heart, lie still and sleep,
This is no time to waken and weep.
Down the blue silences, calm and deep,
The starlight columns quiver and sway,
Rent from their basis old and gray,
Under the awful front of day.

Do not startle, and tremble so!
On to the sea the rivers go,
Making a murmur cool and low—
On to the old sea evermore,
Past the isles, and the radiant shore,
Singing to-night as in nights of yore.

God made the wild, dim, open sea,
The rivers that run so musically,
And all the beautiful joys that be,
Of daisies sprinkled on friendless graves,
Of winds that walk the summer waves—
And the red-lipped shells of the ocean caves!

Lie still, poor heart! (the angels say)
There's a river that, flowing night and day,
Floats all sorrowful dreams away—
Floats them, like lilies and roses white,
Under the starry glimmer of night,
Into the sea of Eternal light.

There the spirit of visions beauty-blest,
In the radiant isles of that sea of rest,
Gathers them all to her spotless breast,
And they, tho' torn in the mournful shade,
On the lonely graves by our losses made,
Never, oh! never again shall fade!

Daybreak dawns—my heart lie still!
Over the wolds and the barren hill
The passionate pulses of morning thrill.
Lie still! where the watchful angels keep,
Under the sunrise red and steep,
Death giveth his well-beloved *sleep!*

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

BY HESTER HALLIWELL.

PART V.

RIGHT AT LAST.

done, what ensued in that unhappy conversation to which we have alluded, between William Elliot and his mother. Never until now, had William Elliot been aroused to indignation against his parents, for he was a dutiful son, and fondly attached to them.

"Why persist in attributing our conduct to caprice, when we are only actuated by a desire for your honor and happiness?" urged Lady Elliot. "There is no help for it, William. You cannot marry one whose father's name was stained with sin."

"I have made it my business to inquire the particulars of the prejudice against Dr. Goring," returned Mr. Elliot. "When my father stated last night what he had heard at Middlebury, I determined to seek out a fellow I know, who comes from there. Stone his name is; he is reading for the Bar; his chambers contiguous to mine, in Lincoln's Inn. I have been with him this morning, and heard the details of the affair, perhaps more fully than my father did, and I would stake my life on Dr. Goring's innocence."

"As if a London law-student, young and credulous like yourself, could know anything of such particulars!" slightingly spoke Lady Elliot.

"He was at home when it happened," retorted William, his pale but handsome face flushing with pain at his mother's tone. "His father, Stone, of Middlebury, was solicitor to Dr. Goring; they lived within a few doors of each other; the families were on terms of intimacy, and young Stone knows all, even to the minute details. Do not cast ridicule on what I say, mother. Dr. Goring was a cruelly aspersed man."

"No," said her ladyship.

"Yes," persisted Mr. Elliot. "Were I a perfectly uninterested party, I should say the same. I look at the facts dispassionately, and my reason tells me so."

"How very obstinate you are, William! Do you dispute that Mrs. Goring died the death she did?"

"No. On that point, unhappily, there is no room to doubt."

"Or that some one residing in the house must have dealt her death out to her?"

"So it would seem."

"Then who was that person?"

"Not her husband. There was another."

"The governess. But Dr. Goring afterwards made that woman his second wife. Was there no crime, no dishonor in that, William?"

William Elliot sat silent, his brow contracting.

"He cannot be defended there; it was an unseemly connexion; but Dr. Goring never would, or did, credit aught against her. I tell you what, mother, had you and Sir Thomas not been secretly averse to my marriage, yourselves, I should never have had Dr. Goring's conduct brought up as a plea against it."

"You are prejudiced and unjust," said Lady Elliot. "If we argue till night we shall not agree."

"I am sorry for that," observed William. "For, if so, only one course is open to me."

"What is that?" cried Lady Elliot, quickly.

"Though I assure you, my dearest mother, it will be with the very utmost reluctance that I adopt it. That of marrying without your consent."

Lady Elliot half sprang from her chair, and a sound of pain, too sharp for a groan, escaped her.

"My happiness, my very life, are bound up in Miss Goring," he resumed. "To separate us now, after allowing the intimacy, sanctioning the measures for our marriage, would be cruel injustice. I will not submit to it."

"William!" she uttered, in visible agitation, "you cannot marry in defiance of your father and mother. You dare not."

"Not without deliberation, and in grief and great repugnance, have I formed the resolution; but I owe a duty to Miss Goring, as well as to my father and mother. The proposed allowance to me I shall not expect or ask for. The house I had taken I must give up, and look out for a smaller one, and we must make my own income suffice for our wants, until I can bring my profession into use."

"You speak of duty to Miss Goring," she resumed, with emotion: "have you forgotten that to your parents lies your first and foremost duty? A duty ordained of God."

"Mother, I have forgotten nothing. I have debated the question with myself, upon all points. And I believe that I am doing right in marrying."

"In defiance," she repeated, "of your father and mother? *In defiance?*"

"I am sorry that they drive me to it."

For several minutes Lady Elliot's agitation had been increasing, and it appeared, now, to rise beyond control. Two crimson spots shone on her pale cheeks, her slight frame shook, as with agitation, and her hands were cold and moist as she grasped those of her son.

"Listen, William," she said; "I will tell you a painful tale. You may have gathered something of it in your boyhood, but not its details. *Will* you listen? Or are you going to despise even my words?"

"My dear mother! You know I will listen; in all reverence. If you would but afford me the opportunity to be reverent in all things!"

"I was a happy girl at home. My mother died, and then I owed my father a double duty. I was but a child, barely eighteen, when a young man, handsome, William, as you are now, was introduced to us. He was extravagant, random: *say he loved me, and that was all I cared for.* Our attachment became known to my father. He deemed this gentleman no eligible match for me; he doubted his ability, in many ways, to render me happy; and he put a stop to our meetings. He forbid me to think more of him; he said if I did, in spite of his veto, pursue the acquaintance, he would discard me from his house forever. On the other side, the friends were equally averse to it; and *his* parents bade him, though in all kindness, shrink from the fruits of disobedience. His father, a clergyman, begged of him not to brave it; he told him that deliberate disobedience to a parent was surely visited on a child's head. Happy for us both had we attended to their counsel, but youth, in its ardor, sees not things as they are; in after years, when soberness, experience, judgment have come to them, they look back, and marvel at their blindness. We, he and I—oh, William! that I should have such an avowal to make to you!—set our parents' interdiction at nought, and I ran away from my home with him to become his wife. That man was Thomas Elliot, your father."

She was excessively excited. Her son would have begged of her not so to disturb herself, but she waved away his interruption.

"We gloried in having deceived them. Not so much for the deceit, in itself—we had not quite descended to that—as that we had obtained our own will. But, William, how did it work? How does such sin always work?"

She paused, almost as she waited for an answer. He did not speak.

"Look abroad in society and watch the results; scan narrowly all those who have thus rebelliously entered upon their own career. Sooner or later, more or less bitterly, retribution comes home to them. It may rarely be attributed to its right cause, even by themselves, and many there are who would laugh at what I am now saying. None have had the cause, that I have, to note these things; and it is from long experience, from repeated and repeated instances I have witnessed of the confirmation of my opinion, that my firm conviction has been formed. Some are visited through poverty; some in their children; some in themselves, in their unhappy life. We, William, had a taste of all. In the early years of our union, it was one struggle to live; perhaps you remember, yet, our pinchings and contrivances. My children died off, save you, one after the other; and she, Clara, who remained to us"—Lady Elliot sank her voice to a whisper—"were better off had she followed them. I, and he whom I chose, have had no mutual happiness, for we found that we were as unsuited to each other as man and wife can be. My father never forgave me, so for his remaining years, and they were many, I was an alien from him. Thus I have dragged through life, trouble upon trouble pursuing me, and the consciousness of my sin ever haunting me. William, before you talk of marrying Mary Goring, you should know what it is to brave, and live under, a parent's curse."

William Elliot did not reply, but his face wore a look of keen anxiety.

"At morning, at the sun's rising; at evening, when it sets; in the nervousness of the dark night; in the glare of mid-day, was my disobedience present to me, heavily, heavily it pressed upon me: I would have forfeited all I possessed in life, even my remaining years, to have redeemed it: and—William—I prayed to God that He would in mercy keep my children from committing the like sin."

Lady Elliot paused for breath, and her face, a sufficiently young face still in years, was blanched, and her eyes were strained on her son.

"I prayed it as the greatest mercy that could then be accorded me: I have never ceased praying for it. William, will you, my ever-loving and dutiful boy, be the one to set that prayer at nought?"

No answer. His lips were white as her own.

"You were my first-born, my first and dearest; in you rest all the hope left to me: what other comfort have I in life? I have said to myself, now and then, 'The closing years of my existence shall be brighter than the earlier ones, for my darling son shall be my stay and solace!' Oh, William, William! give me your promise now! I kneel to beg it. Say that you will never marry without our consent."

The lines of his pale face were working; it seemed that he would speak, but could not.—Lady Elliot had shrunk down at his feet, and would not rise.

"If you bring upon yourself this same wretched fate, which has been our bane, I shall never know another moment's peace. I shall repine that you did not die in infancy; I shall wish, more than I have ever done, that I may die, and be at rest from the trouble and care of this weary world. William, it is your mother who pleads to you. Promise that you will never marry in disobedience."

How could he resist such pleading—he, with duty and affection implanted in his heart by nature, and hitherto fondly cherished? It was not possible. "Mother, I promise it," he uttered, "as long as you and my father shall live. After that—?"

"After that? Nay, I will not extort a further promise. You will then be your own master. But until that time—you pass your word, William?"

"I do. You have it."

"Thank God. Now I am at rest."

"Which is equivalent to undertaking never to marry at all," murmured the unhappy young man, as he rose and quitted the room. "Oh, Mary! how shall I break with you?"

Thus it occurred that Mr. William Elliot, following on the steps of his father, Sir Thomas, who had been down in the morning at Halliwell House, went there also himself, and took his leave of *Mary Goring.*

Last winter was a dreary winter for us. Poor Mary, who was pining and drooping, had changed, since the parting in the autumn with William Elliot, from a lovely, healthy girl to a very shadow. She had returned to her studies in the school-room with our other pupils, and pursued them with regular monotony.—She never complained, she never uttered the name of William Elliot, or made any allusion to past events, but we saw her grow paler and thinner day by day. In that bitter weather which we had, just before Christmas, she caught cold, and grew very ill. A new name they have got now for the malady which attacked her: bron— something: I never can remember it, but it was plain inflammation of the windpipe, in my early days. She was confined to her bed for a fortnight, and when she at length got up, she was more like a shadow than before.

January went by, and February came in, and we began to have fears for her eventual recovery. There seemed to be no positive complaint, for the symptoms of her illness had left her, except a cough, but she gained no strength. A remembrance of the way in which her father had gone off, would come over me, at times, with a shudder. No decided complaint, yet he had gradually wasted away to death. Was it to be the same case with Mary?

It happened, in this last month, that I had business in town. It was connected with the property of my brother-in-law's children, rendering it necessary for me to seek an interview with the agent of Lawyer Stone of Middlebury, who made Dr. Goring's will. He was a Mr. Eckington, and lived in a part of the Temple, so I went up by the omnibus, the first thing after breakfast. I got into the Temple, that is into its mazes and windings, and went dodging here and peeping there, in search of my way, for I had never been at Mr. Eckington's but once, and did not readily remember it. However, I reached the right spot at last: I knew it by a neighboring pump, whose handle was padlocked: and went mounting up the stairs, a great height, for he lived on the top story. I stood a minute or two to recover my breath: I cannot run up seventy or eighty steps as blithely as I once could: and then turned the angle and knocked briskly at the black door. And after I had done that, lo and behold! there stood some great white letters staring me in the face—"Serjeant Pyne."

Serjeant Pyne was not Mr. Eckington, that was certain, but before I had time to deliberate a boy flung the door open. I asked for Mr. Eckington.

"In there," was the answer, opening an inside door, and entered the office. I knew the room again directly, though its furniture was different, and I saw the tops of the pleasant green trees that were in view from the window. A gentleman in a gray coat, with a pen behind his ear, rose from a desk and came forward.

"Sir," I said, "I am in search of Mr. Eckington."

"Mr. Eckington! Oh, the former occupant here. He has removed, ma'am, to chambers in Lincoln's Inn."

The gentleman gave me the address, indeed took the trouble to write it down on a card for me, and directed me the best way to go. I thanked him for his civility, which I thought extremely condescending for a serjeant: though it has occurred to me, since, that possibly he was only the serjeant's clerk. I went my way, blaming Lawyer Stone's negligence in not having informed me of the removal of his agent, but had only gained the pump when my steps came to a halt, for it flashed across my mind that the address and number in Lincoln's Inn, just written down for me, was that of Mr. William Elliot.

I toiled up the stairs again, when Sergeant Pyne (or his clerk) assured me the address he had given was that of Mr. Eckington: he knew nothing about Mr. William Elliot.

I got into Lincoln's Inn, (where I nearly lost myself,) and to my dismay found Mr. Eckington was out. "Gone before the Master of the Rolls," the clerk said, "and might not be in till late." So all I could do was to go back home again, and write and appoint an interview. I had proceeded but a few steps, when I came in view of a young gentleman sailing towards me in a gray wig and black gown, which flew out on all sides with the wind as he walked. I cannot say but I look on the wearers of these gowns with awe, (not that I have ever seen many of them,) and as there appeared scarcely space on the pavement for that gown and me to pass each other, I turned off it. If either of us was to give way, it seemed right that it should be poor, humble me. Imagine my astonishment when the gentleman stopped and held out his hand! I drew back, thinking he mistook me for somebody else, and I believe I dropped a curtsey in my humility.

Positively it was Lawyer Stone's son, Bob! And though I had nursed him many a time when he was a child, coaxed him, and kissed him, and once—if I may now confess it—whipped him, I hardly presumed to let my hand meet his in his new dignity.

"You were going to pass me," he said.

"How was I to know you in that fine plumage?" I returned. "I thought it might be nothing less than a judge coming along, and stood aside to get out of his way. So you are called!"

"Oh, thank goodness! yes, the worry's over. I'm precious glad of it."

"I went to the Temple to find Mr. Eckington this morning, and heard he had moved here," I observed. "Your father ought to have informed me."

"Eckington is in Elliot's old chambers—took them off his hands," replied Mr. Robert. "Elliot gave up the law, and is going to travel. I did hear that he was red-hot for the Crimea, but now the war is over, he would be a day too late for the fair there, so he is off somewhere else. He is up to his ears in preparations for his departure, for he purposes being abroad for years, if not for the term of his natural life—as the Bench says by our transports. Hope it may be my luck to say it some time."

"What is the cause of Mr. Elliot's going?"

"He is in tantrums with his governor. The old folks put a stopper on his marriage with —— I declare, Miss Halliwell, I beg your pardon! I forgot, for the moment, how nearly you were connected with the affair. I suppose you know more than I can tell you."

"Indeed I know very little, beyond the fact that he and my niece are separated, Robert." (I brought the name "Robert" out with difficulty: it seemed too familiar so to address a personage in a wig and gown. Though, indeed, I used to call him nothing but Bob.)

"They first, Sir Thomas and the old lady, retracted their consent to the marriage," he continued, "and then wormed an undertaking out of Elliot not to marry without. Which was like what the school children say to their companions, when they have got a cake from home and want to gormandize it all to their own cheek: 'Them as ask shan't have any, and them as don't, don't want.'"

The barrister laughed, and so did I. In spite of his fine gown, he was Bob Stone still. It set me more at ease.

"So Elliot gave his word, and of course will stick to it," he resumed; "but afterwards, when he came to reflect upon the thing in cool blood, he felt that he had been harshly dealt by—tricked, in short, into promising away what we may call the subject's right of liberty. Altogether, he was disgusted with everything, threw up his profession, and means to throw up Old England. Good-morning, Miss Halliwell. I'll tell the governor of his negligence when I write to Middlebury."

Now it may sound like a made-up incident, like those we read of in a romance, when I assert that soon after parting with Mr. Stone I met William Elliot. But I only state the truth. I was standing in the great thoroughfare, looking out for the right omnibus, when he came tearing along, pushing straight forward and looking at nobody, in as much bustle as if he had all the business of the city on his shoulders. I caught his arm to stop him. He looked ill and careworn: my heart ached to see him.

"What is this I hear, Mr. Elliot, about your quitting England?"

"Why remain in it?" was his answer. "What have I left to look forward to?"

"Your profession," I faltered.

"I have lost interest in it. Men strive to get on, not only to attain eminence, but to win a home. They think of a wife, of children, of domestic happiness. They may gain the very highest honors of the land, but without ties of the home and heart, such distinctions are cold and valueless. So I abandon a country where hope is denied me."

"This must be as a death blow to your father and mother," I uttered.

"A blow I believe it is. I wish fate had been kinder to all of us."

"When do you go?"

"I leave London to-morrow night for Southampton. The steamer for Malta starts the following day. I visit the East first."

"To remain abroad—how long?"

"Probably for ever. Certainly for years."

"Oh, Mr. William!" I exclaimed, "if I could but persuade you to relinquish your purpose!"

He smiled—a sickly smile. "As others have sought to persuade me—ineffectually. How is it at home? Well?"

"Not very well," I replied, knowing to whom he alluded. "Men can wear out regrets with bustle and travel, as you are about to do; but women, who are condemned to inactivity, retain remembrance more keenly."

"God be with you, dear Miss Halliwell," he said, preparing to move on, "and take my dearest love and blessing to *her*. I dare say I shall never see either of you again."

He wrung my hand, in his emotion, till I thought he would have wrung it off, and a ring, which I happened to have on, cut right into my finger. But I was too troubled to care for the pain. It seemed to me that Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot had much to answer for.

That same night I walked about my bedroom till the little hours of the morning. I was debating a question with myself. What *right*, human or divine, had Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot, in their obstinate pride and prejudice, to condemn two of their fellow-creatures to despair, even though one was the son to whom they had given birth? Did it not lie in my duty to point out to them their sin—to make an effort to awaken their own minds to it? Firmer and firmer became my conviction that it was so, and when my mind was at length made up, a feeling came over me that neither my own strength nor my own spirit was urging me to this.

There was no time to let the grass grow under my feet, and the next afternoon found me at Sir Thomas Elliot's. Lady Elliot was pitiably subdued by sorrow, and would have given her own life to keep her son in England. I entered upon the matter, giving my opinion unshrinkingly, but she was blind to all sides of the case, save her own, and spoke up, passionately complaining.

"No joy have I had in my life; no peace; nothing but despair: before one affliction yielded to time, another arose. I had nothing left but him; nothing else to comfort me on the wide earth, and now he is going away forever, for he is resolved not to return to England. To-night he comes to take his leave, and I shall see him for the last time."

"And thankful I am, ma'am," I said, "that I am not in your shoes. If that young man decamps into unknown regions, among infidels and Hottentots, and rushes into sin, and everything that's bad, to drown his unhappiness, you and his father must answer for it to his Maker, for you alone will have driven him to it."

"Oh, of course, of course," she answered, in a tone of the bitterest sarcasm; "it has been my fault through life; everything; nobody's but mine. I wish it was ended!"

"I think a great deal has been your fault, Lady Elliot," I replied. "Various afflictions have come to you, *as they come to all*, and yours have not been worse than many others are. But have you striven to avert them, to turn them away? Have you been patiently submissive under them, and, accepting them as chastisements sent by God, resigned yourself fully to His good will? Have you endeavored to make sunshine out of the blessings they have been mixed with?"

"What blessings?" rejoined Lady Elliot, "I know of none."

I stared at her in surprise. The fact was, she had so accustomed herself to live a life of repining, that her mind was perverted, and she could see no good in anything.

"Does your ease count for nothing, your freedom from the cares of the world, your luxurious home?" And I directed her eyes round the room. "Do you forget the ample means you possess of gratifying every imaginary wish, and the golden opportunities afforded you of bestowing a tithe of your superfluous wealth upon those steeped in poverty? Above all, ma'am, do you never reflect how rich you are in your son? What good gifts are there, whether of person or of mind, that have not been dealt out to him with an unsparing hand? No blessings, Lady Elliot?"

"I *was* blest in him," she answered, "I was, I was. And I shall be so no more."

"Oh, Lady Elliot," I uttered, "how blest you might still be! Believe me, God's mercies are given to you abundantly. If you could but see them! If you would but tear the scales from your mind, and convert its gloom into sunshine! Did it ever occur to you to ask what children are bestowed upon us for?"

"For our punishment," perversely answered Lady Elliot. "Mine have been."

"They were bestowed on us that we might promote their happiness here, and so lead them to Heaven through their gratitude, their thankfulness of heart," I said. "Not that we might selfishly crush their innocent hopes and thwart their wishes, driving them into rebellion, and so on to deceit, recklessness, and evil."

"Then, when my father opposed me in my wish to marry," she resumed, almost in sullen tone, "you would say he ought to have consented to it? Is that your argument? It is a new one."

"No, ma'am, I hope such an argument is not mine. Your father was right. The objection was to Thomas Elliot; and it was not a frivolous chimera, as in your son's case. Mr. Freer thought he was not calculated to make you happy, and his worldly circumstances were against any marriage. The error there lay with you, Lady Elliot. Your duty was to bow to your father's decision, and submissively wait, hoping that time would subdue the objections. You and Thomas Elliot were both young enough."

"You seem to be pretty well acquainted with my family affairs, Miss Halliwell!"

"I am not a total stranger to them. I was once on the point of marriage with your husband's cousin, the Reverend George Archer; but I think you have heard this before. I have had my sorrows in life, Lady Elliot, as fully as most people; sorrows of the heart, of the inward life; as also of the outer one. But I have striven, by patient resignation, to make the best of them, and they are sorrows to me no more. Yours will pass away, if you so choose, and the world become pleasant to you—always remembering to walk in it as your probation to a better. Try it, Lady Elliot."

"Try what!"

"To make your own happiness: to make your husband's, *which you have never yet heartily striven to do;* to make your son's. You will live to thank me for having suggested it."

She burst into tears, and laid her head on the sofa cushion. And at that moment Sir Thomas Elliot appeared at the door, and stood quietly rooted to it, in surprise. Lady Elliot, from her position, could not see him, and I pretended not to. I thought it well that he should hear a bit of my mind, as well as his wife.

"William is going forth into exile," I resumed to her, "a lonely, miserable man; he voluntarily separates himself from you. Would he do this if you were true to him, a loving mother? And you, what will remain to you after his departure? Discontented repining, bitter self-reproach, a yearning for him whom you cannot then bring back. You say that a curse—though, I assure you I shrink from repeating such a word—has followed you through life, follows you still. Break it, Lady Elliot."

She raised her head and looked at me.

"Keep William by you, a son to rejoice in and be proud of. Let him make his own happiness, and help him in it; take an interest in his plans, in his profession, and be to him a tender friend. Diffuse a pleasant spirit in your home; make the best of poor Clara, and win back the affections of your husband, as you strove to win them in your girlhood; and, more than all, cherish in your heart a thankful spirit to One, who has put all these blessings in your way, a repentant, submissive, hopeful spirit—and none were ever submissive to Him in vain. Where would the curse be then? Gone, Lady Elliot."

"If I could think—if I could think it has been, in a measure, my own fault, in thus encouraging a murmuring spirit of rebellion!" she wailed, clasping her hands in intense anguish. "Oh! if I *could* change this black despair for peace! If I could indeed retain William at my side! If I could find happiness in what has been a thankless home!"

"I'll help you," cried Sir Thomas, coming forward. "*If* you will only manage to keep William in his own country, and give us a bit of cheerfulness at home, instead of gloom, I will do my part towards it." He looked, as he spoke, more like the merry Tom Elliot of her girlhood than he had done for years. Hope leaped up into my heart: I thought I saw my way becoming clear, and I explained the purport of my visit to Sir Thomas.

"In point of family, Mary Goring is not inferior to yours: and you and I, Sir Thomas, only narrowly escaped being cousins, in early life."

"Through Georgy Archer, the booby?" uttered Sir Thomas. "You would have saved him, Miss Halliwell. But it was not Miss Goring's family we objected to."

"Oh, yes it was; in reality. Excuse my speaking freely, Sir Thomas, the subject justifies it. You and Lady Elliot were mortified because William did not choose a wife from the higher ranks of life. But you cannot, Sir Thomas, you, a sensible man, believe that Dr. Goring was guilty. It is impossible that you can do so, if you have dispassionately examined into the details of the affair. Imprudent he was; infatuated; nothing more—and he paid the penalty. Do you think if he had indeed committed a crime so awful and upon my own sister, that I would come here to excuse him, to protest there was no stain on his character? No, Sir Thomas: I have my own high and responsible duties in life to perform, and I would not say or do a thing that my conscience disapproves. When I assert Matthew Goring's innocence, I assert what I believe to be as true as that there is a heaven above us."

He made no reply.

"Think not I come as a petitioner, to urge my niece's claims, or to protest against her wrongs. No, I come because it was essential for some one to point out to you both how grievously you were [illegible] and I believed that the task was allotted [illegible]. To drive William away from his country, and destroy his prospects in life, is a heavy sin to lay to your door. How will you answer for it?"

Sir Thomas Elliot [illegible] pacing the room

with uneasy strides. Presently he spoke, but in a reluctant tone.

"Since I first heard of the affair at Middlebury, I have learnt more of its particulars. And I confess that I now think it possible Dr. Goring was—so far as regarded his wife's death—an innocent man."

"Then act upon it, Sir Thomas." I briskly said. "Stop your son's voyage, now at the eleventh hour, and restore things to their former footing."

"Louisa, what do you say?" he asked of his wife. "I told you once before that in this matter I would abide by your decision."

"I do not know what to say," sobbed Lady Elliot. "If I could think—"

"Think that you are going to be happier than you have been for many years," I interrupted. "Think that your dear son, whom you grieve as lost to you, will remain to comfort you with his love: think, Lady Elliot, of the merry romps you will have with his children: and, when the time arrives that you are laid on your dying bed, think that he will be there to bless you, instead of beyond your reach, hundreds of miles, over the salt sea."

She rose from the sofa, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks, as she held out her hand to me. "Miss Halliwell, you have conquered. Thomas," she added, turning to her husband, "we may have done wrong to William. Let us repair it."

"With all my heart," he replied. "Anything is preferable to the gloom which has latterly overhung the house. Miss Halliwell, we have to thank you for this. But if we are really to turn over a new leaf, and look out for—what was it?—sunbeams, you must come often, and repeat your lessons: otherwise, we may forget the way, and lapse back again."

"Oh yes, I will be sure to come. And I assure you, Sir Thomas Elliot, I never felt so proud in my life. To think that my poor, homely pleading has effected this great purpose! But it was not mine. There was One—greater than we are—who put it in my heart to come, and has helped me through with it."

They pressed me to stay to—I forget whether it was tea or dinner. The latter I think, but, if so, it must have been kept waiting a considerable time, for it was past seven o'clock. Not I. I was too anxious to get home, and impart the joyful tidings to Mary Goring.

Sir Thomas sat down by his wife as I left the room. "I will do my part towards it all, Loo," he whispered—"on the old faith of Tom Elliot. Here's my hand upon it."

She smiled pleasantly as she put her hand in his, and he leaned forward and kissed her. The first happy smile, the first voluntary kiss they had exchanged for years.

As I was passing by the dining-room door, Clara Elliot saw me, and with a scream of delight came jumping round me, like a little dog. Poor child! her mind was no stronger. But of that there was no hope. Miss Graves looked out also, very much astonished to see me.

"Why do I never go to your house?" Clara exclaimed. "It is such a long while! Why don't you send Mary to see me?"

"Mary has been very ill, my dear," I said. "She cannot go out now."

"Mary ill! Let me come and see her to-morrow."

"Yes, dear child, you shall," interrupted Lady Elliot, advancing. "And I will go with you. Oh, Miss Halliwell!" she whispered, shaking hands with me once more, "I think you are right. You don't know what a load is taken off my heart."

As I left the street-door, who should be stepping out of a cab but William Elliot. I waited while he paid the cabman, and took him by surprise.

"I have just left your father and mother," I said to him.

"Indeed!" looking almost incredulous. "This is my farewell evening with them, Miss Halliwell. I go down by the night train."

"So you persist in leaving England?"

"I sail to-morrow."

"Now which would you rather do, Mr. William: go abroad in that horrid steamer—no disparagement to it in particular, but all steamers are horrid—from which you will wish yourself out again before you have been a couple of hours at sea, or stop at home and marry Mary Goring?"

"Oh," he evasively answered, while the red color flushed into his face, "I am so overwhelmed with preparations for the start, that I can think of nothing else just now."

"But just ask yourself the question; *and answer it as you will.*"

Perhaps my tone struck upon him, even more forcibly than the words. He grasped me by the shoulder—what *did* I mean?

"Go in, dear Mr. William," I whispered; "I have paved the way for you with Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot. I think if you do prefer Mary to the steamer, you may have her."

I don't know whether I got home on my head or my heels. A history omitted, which was given to stopping, took me, I believe, but I am really not clear upon the point. Lucy exclaimed at my long absence, and inquired if I had taken tea.

"No; I should like a cup."

I went up-stairs to the best bedroom, which had been given up to Mary for her illness. She had fallen into a doze, as she lay on the sofa. Quietly taking off my cloak and bonnet, I sat down and looked at her. Nothing of her could be seen but her face; for she had wrapped a shawl round her, and Lucy, or some one else, had thrown a covering over her feet. Her brow was contracted, as with pain, and her mouth stood slightly open—often the case in illness—but the young face, in spite of its whiteness, was lovely still. "We will soon have that fair brow smooth again, my child."

Presently I thought I heard a noise, as of talking, down stairs. It mounted to the drawing-room, which adjoined the chamber which I was in, and then Lucy appeared, carrying my cup of tea. I started from my seat in amazement, for, stealing in after her, was Mr. William Elliot. The idea of his coming down that night! And how quickly he must have followed upon me!"

"I could not help it," Lucy whispered, in a tone of apology; "he would see Mary, and when I urged that she was in her bedroom, he said what did that matter? Oh, Hester! he says she is to be his wife after all!"

The bustle woke her, and the hectic crimson rushed into her cheek when consciousness fully came to her. She would have risen up, but Mr. William prevented it. He was shocked to terror at the change he saw in her, and has since said that he believed her to be dying. He leaned over her with his gentle tenderness, and his hot tears fell upon her face.

"Oh, Mary!" he whispered, as he laid his cheek to hers, "I see how ill you have been, but you must bear up for my sake. Our separation is over, my darling: my mother will be here to-morrow to tell you so. Very soon, very soon you will be all mine."

"And what about the steamer, Mr. William?" I asked, making believe to be very serious.

"The steamer must go without me."

"But your preparations, your outfit, and your great strong boxes! Are they to be wasted?"

"I will give them to you, if you like, Aunt Hester. I am in a generous mood."

"And go back to the law again?"

"Of course. Hoping in time to lord it over you all, on the woolsack."

Who knows but he may?

I snatched a minute to drink my tea. Mary, always thirsty now, glanced at it with eager eyes. Then Mr. William pleaded for some; to put him in mind of old times, he said, and convince him he was not dreaming. Lucy also thought she should like a cup instead of supper. So we actually had the round table drawn before Mary's sofa, and held a tea-party in the bedroom! I hope nobody will reproach me with its being improper. When Frances Goring came in to say good-night, there we were, seated at it, with a great plate of buttered toast, and Frances looked as if she never meant to recover her astonishment. She stood just inside the room staring at Mr. William.

"Ah, Frances! how do you do?" he said, holding out his hand.

But Miss Frances, like a school girl as she was, stood immovable.

"Whatever have you come again for, Mr. Elliot?" she brought out.

"I? To have another of your aunt's housekeeping lessons," he merrily answered. "Touching the apple-tarts and legs of mutton, you know. She must give it to me especially to-night. Mary is too ill."

"Oh!" cried Frances, clasping her hands, "I am so glad! It seems like those famous evenings back again. If you could but make Mary well as she was then!"

"I'll try," said Mr. William.

"You see how ill she looks," I whispered, as I went down stairs with him when he was leaving. "Do not set your mind too steadfastly upon her.

"Change of prospects may do much for her," was his reply, "and change of air may do the rest. She shall have that with me."

"With you, Mr. William?"

"Yes. And you know what that must imply," he returned, with a smile of very decided meaning. "So if the former preparations are done away with, you had best set about some more. We have suffered too much to risk another separation: and I promise you that, ill or well, Mary Goring shall soon be Mary Elliot."

We had a *jolly* wedding. Which word, I beg to intimate, is not mine, but Mary's brother's, Master Alfred Goring, who was invited to it. And my brother Alfred took a journey all across the country, and came to marry them, as he had taken a similar journey, once before, to marry her unfortunate mother. It took place the last week in April. I was for deferring it to the Midsummer holidays, when our house would be free, and Mary stronger; but Mr. William Elliot asked me, banteringly, if I would not prefer to defer it till Midsummer two years. So it was of no use to hold out; they fixed it for April, and in April it was. Frances Goring was bridesmaid; the result of which is, that her vanity has been up, ever since, like the mercury in a thermometer in the dog-days, and we have been able to do nothing with her. Mr. William proposed myself and Lucy; though I don't know whether in jest or earnest: but as we felt rather ancient for the necessary dress, we resigned the honor to Frances. Talk about dress, anybody should have seen Lady Elliot's! It was a mass of satin and gold, throwing Mary's plain white silk into the shade, and causing every eye in the church to water.

I never could tell how I comported myself at the breakfast, except that it was very badly. I took the top of the table, and the Reverend Alfred Halliwell the bottom. Sir Thomas, who sat on my right hand, made merry over my nervous mistakes, and kept everybody alive with laughter. I think he *was* doing his part of the bargain, as he had promised Lady Elliot. She looked happy, too, really happy; I had never seen her look so, before. Miss Graves was in high feather, and sat next to Master Alfred, whom I begged her to keep in order. She had not gone to church, having remained with Clara; for we did not venture to take the latter. Poor Clara! she was dressed out as splendidly as her mother, laughed, by starts, all breakfast-time, and nearly had one of her eating-fits, but Mr. William had her by his side, Mary being on his other hand, and restrained her. As to our pupils and teachers, we gave them holiday and a handsome dinner, so I trust everybody was pleased, and the day passed off delightfully.

They left early in the afternoon, the bride and bridegroom, in one of Sir Thomas Elliot's carriages, for the London-bridge station, intending to reach Dover that evening, and France the following day. Purposing to remain on the Continent all the summer, and perhaps the autumn.

"It will be a benefit to Mary," Mr. William Elliot had said, "and we both deserve a holiday."

I was the last to shake hands with him in the hall, whilst Sir Thomas was handing Mary to the carriage.

"You will take care of her, Mr. William?" I whispered, the tears, which I vainly endeavored to pass off as nothing, falling from my tiresome old eyes. "She is not well yet."

"You know there is no need to give me the injunction," he answered, whilst the ingenuous flush stole into his face, and the sweet, earnest look to his truthful eye. "When I bring Mary home again, she will be so improved you will none of you recognize her."

And I think his words seem likely to be verified. For in a letter I received from Mary this very morning (five days it had been coming from the outlandish place they are stopping in, the name of which I cannot give here, being incompetent to spell it; and sixteenpence postage to pay, Mary having insufficiently stamped it), she says she is quite well and *too* happy, and that her color has all come back again. With a few merry words of postscript from William, himself; hoping we (I and Lady Elliot) are getting on swimmingly with the furnishing of their new residence, and that I shall undertake the setting-up of the housekeeping department.

So bright days have come upon us, and I feel that we have much to be thankful for. As to Lady Elliot, she does not know how to express her gratitude to me, for awaking her, as she calls it, to what she had never awoke to before. But let every one of God's creatures be fully assured that they possess, within themselves, the power to make or mar, in a great measure their own happiness; *that upon the state of the mind and heart depends life's sunshine.* I, Hester Halliwell, tell it them.

[THE END.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WINE.—Mr. W. A. H. wishes us to insert the following:

"Will any one be so kind as to inform me, through the columns of the POST, in what way wine can be made out of the common Black Bunch Grape? Any information upon this subject will be thankfully received."

POSTMASTER. THE POST does not discuss the Slavery question, one way or the other. It is a Literary Newspaper, and takes no part in politics.

M. F. T., asks how it is that Barry Cornwall's daughter is *Miss* Proctor? Barry Cornwall is a *nom de plume;* the real name of the poet is Proctor.

Respectfully declined: "A Minnesota Ballad."

NAVY. For a full answer to your question you had better write to the Naval Department. A copy of the regulations for admission and promotion in the Engineer Corps, now in our possession, is at your service. Send us your address, and we will forward it to you.

FARM LIFE.

An essay on "Farming Life in New England," from the *Atlantic Monthly*, which we insert on one of our outer pages this week, will be found deeply interesting, not only by our agricultural readers, but by readers in general. Referring as the essayist does in particular to the farming life of New England, his remarks will be seen to have a general bearing upon the farming life of all sections of the country.

The reasons given by the writer for the distaste often felt by the young towards an agricultural life, are doubtless the true ones. It is not the hard work of the farm, but the prosaic dullness and sameness of the farmer's existence, which cause a craving for the more diversified life of cities. Then again, there is the proud consciousness, or the mere idle imagination—sometimes the one, oftener the other—of the youthful spirit, that it is possessed of faculties which require a larger stage than that immediately around it for their proper development and action. Thus the poet Tennyson describes his hero in Locksley Hall, as

"Eager hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field—
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn,
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men."

This is no uncommon feeling; thousands doubtless of farmers' boys, on their first visit to a great city, feel this subtle fascination of the "throngs of men," and long to make an atom even—if nothing more—in what appears to be such a brilliant and glorious ocean of existence.

Doubtless by increasing the poetic and social elements in agricultural life, as the essayist we are considering recommends, much may be done, not only to keep the young at home, but to refine, elevate and bless the whole family. But there is one great difficulty in the way of doing this, which the essayist has taken no account of—the want of pecuniary means. So long as the daily life is a constant struggle with "the wolf at the door," so long beauty and social converse and the poetical element generally, must be pushed into the background. Poverty is only to be overcome by hard, exhausting labor, and pinching frugality, and these do not comport, to any very great extent, with the beautiful and the sociable. Only by accepting Poverty as the fate of the family, and making the best of it,—which few American parents are willing to do—can toil be lessened sufficiently to admit of a moderate degree of ease and enjoyment. But so long as the stern push for either a Competency or for Wealth is maintained, the beauty and joy of living must go, more or less, to the wall. We regret that it must be so, but how can it be otherwise?

As a family emerges out of poverty, however, and its members can begin to call themselves their own masters, then are they prepared to act in accordance with our essayist's wise recommendations. And foolish indeed are they, if they still continue to labor unceasingly and to hoard, when the necessity for so doing has passed away. Material well-being attained, the spiritual well-being demands our care. After the successful battle with want, should come the peaceful delights of plenty. The victory is God's good gift, and should find its proper and beneficent uses.

And we perceive the general acknowledgment of these truths in the society immediately around us. The present generation in Pennsylvania are not such hard workers as their fathers were—and the latter were not such *terrible* workers as their fathers. In the gradual process of accumulation, the necessity for such unceasing toil, such stringent economy as distinguished our grand-parents, has in a measure, passed away. They sowed the seed, and we rightly are reaping the harvest. Our children, probably, as a general truth, will devote still less energy to physical labor, still more to mental culture and to social enjoyment. And as, in country places, they do this—the life of the country will become more and more attractive, not only to those tired of the feverish atmosphere of cities, but to those who from childhood have dwelt among green, quiet fields.

PROPERTY OF PHILADELPHIA.

New York, with a population a little more than one sixth greater than that of Philadelphia, has real and personal property more than three times greater; and Boston, with only 180,000 population, two-fifths greater than Philadelphia. Baltimore is only one-third behind this city, with a population of only 250,000. Philadelphia, then, stands far behind New York and Boston in the value of her property, which includes even that element of wealth upon which she strongly relies for her prosperity—her manufactures.—*Well informed correspondent of Public Ledger.*

If the above truly represented the facts of the case, it would be curious enough—but the wonder is, that the writer should have overlooked the simple explanation.

In Philadelphia, the assessed value of real estate for the purpose of taxation, varies from one-third to two-thirds of the real value. While as to personal property, the great mass of it is not assessed at all. We believe, for instance, that in one large district, to credit the assessors' tables, there are not half a dozen *watches worth over twenty dollars*—while the fact is that almost every man you meet, including journeymen, clerks, &c., carries his *gold* watch. Thousands of men worth from one thousand to twenty thousand dollars in *personal* property, are assessed as not worth a single cent. And one great good results from this, that we raise only about three millions of taxes, where New York raises eight millions—which is, of course, just that much less burden laid upon our manufactures and our trade.

Now in the other cities referred to, both real and personal property are assessed, we believe, at their full values. And this very simple explanation shows that "poor Philadelphia" is sometimes not quite so "poor" as her own records would represent her to be. But if we are comparatively "poor," it is only another proof at what small profits our merchants and manufacturers sell their goods and wares—a fact well worthy the attention of Western and Southern buyers.

THE CABLE.—The Atlantic Telegraph still continues mum. One reason given is to the effect that Professor Whitehouse was under contract to be allowed to experiment for forty days after the laying of the cable, to be paid £5,000 for his services, if successful, besides an annual salary of £5,000 for twenty years, for the use of his instruments. If unsuccessful, Professor Thompson was to have the use of the line for fifteen days, at a similar salary: and in the event of his failure, Professor Hughes to have it for twenty days, without stipulation as to remuneration. Whose turn it is now, we are unable to say; but the probability is that both Whitehouse and Thompson have tried in vain, and that our Yankee friend, Mr. Hughes, is now seeing "if he kin make the durned thing go." We would suggest that if all other means fail, the learned and scientific editor of the *Tribune*, who explained so satisfactorily a former difficulty on the "echo" principle, be appealed to.

ANSWERED.—We have received an answer to the algebraical question recently inserted in our editorial columns, from Mr. T. S. Maynard, of Sharpsburg, Alleghany Co., Pa. He says, "The rule employed is Indeterminate Analysis—that being the simplest principle that can be brought to bear upon it. The answer is 24 dollars, 16 dimes, 9 cents, making a total of $25.69."

All right, Mr. M. You can take the head of the class.

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.—Our readers must not overlook the letter from Grace Greenwood on the third page. Her writings are always worth reading—and what we have had are but the first of a series of articles from her brilliant pen. By the way, let not those of our readers who are so blessed as to have children about the house, forget that there is such a periodical as the "Little Pilgrim," which they can obtain for 50 cents a year.

A GENTLE REBUKE.—We are requested to call the attention of our readers to the painting of Magdalen renouncing the Vanities of the World, now on exhibition for a short period at Earle's Gallery, in Chestnut above Eighth street. It is said to be a genuine Rubens.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

Whoever will add in the next century new chapters to D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," must not omit to furnish examples of the musical criticism of the present day. The Cyclopedia of Humor, printed in 1958, will not be complete unless it includes various specimens of this comical literature. For if there is anything more comical or more curious than the effusions which regularly attend the advent of every foreign singer, or company of foreign singers, we should like to see it. We never read any of these compositions, without thinking of the celebrated incubrations of Wagstaff, the renowned editor of the famous *Bunkumville Flagstaff*, which, when compared with the originals they satirize, can scarcely be considered caricatures. We wonder if any portion of the public really swallow them, and, if so, what portion? It would be an interesting labor to discover how many persons arrived at the years of discretion, really suppose these articles to be in any respect critical—how many suppose them to contain sense—and how many consider them couched in anything like good English.

At present our beloved brethren of New York are enjoying two operatic companies, each with the most celebrated *prima donna*—that is, chief lady singer—in the whole world. Madame Gassier is the name and title of the altogether unparalleled *artiste* who sings for Mr. Maretzek, and Madame Colson of the other altogether unparelleled *artiste* who sings for Mr. Strakosch. The latter lady has been performing the part of *Marie* in "The Child of the Regiment," and one of our city dailies naively chronicles the important, remarkable, and extremely singular fact that "all the newspaper critics (i. e. the New York newspaper critics,) speak very favorably of her." While we regret that so unfortunate a circumstance should have befallen the lady—a circumstance so calculated to injure her reputation in cities where something about music is known—we cannot but remark that the same thing has happened before in reference to other *artistes*, the New York critics having been known to speak "*very favorably*" of several, on at least one or two previous occasions.

According to the N. Y. *Times*, there is in Madame Colson's singing, "an amount of *aplomb* which we rarely witness on the lyric stage." *Aplomb* is a French word for equipoise or balance, and it must be highly enlightening to the bewildered public to know that Madame Colson has "an amount" of it. It is also gratifying to be informed that "her execution is reliable, and does not suggest a shadow of doubt to the listener"—a statement which is certainly very transparent! More to the same effect, has the *Times*, but we spare our readers, since too much light is notoriously bad for the eyes.

Then the N. Y. *Herald* informs us that Madame Colson "is a pupil of the best French school, and that is the only school in the world." Did the *Herald* ever hear of the Common School, or the School for Scandal, or Walter Raleigh's School, or a School of Mackerel? *How then can it say that the French is* the only school in the world? But perhaps the *Herald* means that the French school of musical art is the best in the world. Which is delightfully entertaining to any one who remembers of what school are all the great operatic singers from Catalani and Malibran to Grisi and Alboni, and how many of the laurels and trophies of music belong to Italy. But the fond *Herald*, still running its reckless muck of praise for Madame Colson, tells us that "she is a charming actress and a delicious *chanteuse*," and that "she gave the second *scena* with so much *verve* and sympathy as to draw forth the somewhat unwilling plaudits of a critical audience." It is kind in the critic to put the important words in the above sentence, which tell us what Madame is, and how she gave it, into French! Put into plain English his readers might understand him, which would be terrible. Yet highly as we think of this discriminating descriptive passage, we must say, without wishing to draw invidious comparisons, that we prefer Wagstaff, when he said that, "Jane Lind wasn't much as a *singer*, but as an *artiste* she was some." Forgive us, dear *Herald*, and long may you preserve your high reputation as an authority both in morals and music!

But the musical critic of the *Tribune* leaves all the rest behind. To show up the beauties of his recent critique on Madame Colson, would be a work of considerable time, since the critique is of beauties all compact. For example we are told of the singer's "clasping her notes and launching them spiritedly"—a most notable instance of consistency and unity of metaphor. Then "the opera in question is quite as much of a tearful as a joyous inspiration, so the singer had adequate opportunities for displaying the sentimental cantabile—the passionate adagio." Gentle critic, what *is* the "sentimental cantabile?" and say, an' thou lovest us, what *is* the "passionate adagio?" Let us not burst in ignorance, but ope thy "ponderous and marble jaws," as *Hamlet* says, and utter the words of illumination. So shall we, in Oriental phrase, lay the head of knowledge on the pillow of satisfaction. Then, too, tell us what you mean when you say Madame Colson's "method of attacking her notes" is "partly school, but mostly grows out severally of the labial, dental, and physiological exactness of her organs of utterance, and her temperament?" What *does* this mean? What is the labial exactness of an organ of utterance? What is the dental exactness of an organ of utterance? What the physiological?—and why does not the physiological include the labial?—and why then, art thou thus tautological? Then, what is the labial exactness of a temperament? What is the dental exactness of a temperament? What is the physiological exactness of a temperament? Oh *Tribune* of the people, answer these questions! So shall those who have faith in thee as a critic of music be exalted, and the voice of the scoffer be silenced. Bichat and Majendie, Carpenter and Draper—have they not wherewith to furbish up thy theory of the labial, dental, and physiological exactness of the organs of utterance? *Oh, Tribune, Tribune!*

In the time-honored and eloquent language of the editorial fraternity for the last century, further comment is unnecessary. Mr. Strakosch is trying to get our Academy of Music at a convenient rate, and if he does, will bring out Madame Colson here, when we shall all have an opportunity of observing "the labial, dental and physiological exactness of her organs of utterance"—a phrase which the musical critic of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, who seems to be the most sensible man in the crowd, defines, we suppose, when he says that Madame Colson has "a very beautiful mouth which is very pleasant to the eye."

THE LAST FASHION.—LADIES GETTING THEIR HAIR CROPPED.—The Milwaukie Wisconsin of the 10th inst., says—"To give some idea as to how the croppy style of hair cutting is spreading among the ladies in the city, one of our barbers says he has cropped three hundred and thirty ladies within the past three months. There seems to be a perfect rage on the subject with our young ladies."

The same fashion—the hairdressers say—is spreading in this city. Would it not be well for all sensible parents, when they perceive a tendency towards this particular light-headedness on the part of the young ladies of the family, to lock them up until the full of the moon is past? A general notice also might be served upon the hairdressers, that if any of them were found engaged in despoiling insane young women of one of their chief ornaments, the masculines among them should be cowhided, and the feminines docked. Perhaps the passage of a law enacting that these cropped young women should marry no other than the "scrubbing brush" young men, would have a potent effect—though almost too severe a penalty for any but a Draconian age. Still, "desperate diseases require desperate remedies"—and while the ladies are in this vein, we would favor even blood-letting.

AN UNUSUAL EVENT.—We almost conceited we were a country editor, last week, when a gentleman stepped into our sanctum, and called our attention to the rich yellow color of a couple of lumps of butter which he placed before us. We naturally imagined, we say, for a brief moment, that we were editing some village paper, and that here was one of our patrons, with part pay for a new year's subscription.

But, "with a start," as Byron says, we regained our usual self-possession, and listened to our visitor as he informed us about his Isle of Jersey cows, and how they all gave just such colored butter as this, even now when the pasture was so dried-up and deficient. That the butter was good, we can vouch for—for we tried it that day at dinner, in large quantities, first on bread, and then, that there might be no mistake, on sweet potatoes. That these Jersey cows are excellent milkers, we are bound to believe—and would refer those who have any doubt upon the question to Dr. J. H. Twaddell, of West Philadelphia, who will give them just as much "satisfaction" as they want, by ordering bread and butter for two.

A METEOR.—Mr. THOMAS SPENCER, of Atlanta, Ga., writes under date of Sept. 7, that about 8 o'clock that evening, he perceived a meteor of "unusual" brilliancy. It appeared in the North, and moved rapidly in a South-Western direction—leaving a stream of bluish white light behind it." Scientific gentlemen, interested in meteors, by writing to Mr. Spencer, can obtain all the particulars desired.

We would suggest to Mr. S. that the above might have been one of the "blue-lights" of which we read so often in the political papers. Those also are said to have appeared in the north. If any of the "blue lights" are missing, probably our Georgia friend can put the politicians on its track.

Seriously, these meteors are curious things. Not long ago, we saw one of a beautiful green color. Our opinion is that they are etherial sky-rockets, sent up by the spirit of some departed New Yorker. We do not believe that a New Yorker could exist in the next world, without sending up a sky-rocket, to celebrate something or other, occasionally.

CRITICISED A CRITIC.—*Harper's Weekly* says, in a notice of Mrs. Southworth's "*Two Sisters*":

"The present is, perhaps, equal in interest of plot to any she has written, but *lacks the polish which she was formerly accustomed to give her finished works.*"

The fun of the matter is, that "The Two Sisters" is not a new work at all, but one of those very "*finished works*" of "*former*" years, to which the critic approvingly alludes. The *same* is the only new thing about the "Two Sisters."

By the way, what does the critic mean by the phrase "her *finished* works?" Did she ever publish a work that was not "finished"?

THE COMET.—What very bad practice is the comet constantly guilty of? Tale-bearing.

Why have we reason to suppose that it looks milkmaid of manners? Because it is constantly seen in the company of a great bear.

What was the earth's laconic and dignified reply, when the comet threatened to run afoul of it, and burn it up? You can't, comet 't.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 184—Adults 88, and children 96.

☞ The *Utica Herald* says of a late Free Love Convention, that "the only thing out of order was a blush."

☞ PHILADELPHIA IN VERSE.—A St. Louis bard, in a long poem published in the Republican, alludes incidentally to Philadelphia, as follows:—

"Or go further south where the 'thee' and the
'thou'
Of the Quaker are growing quite obsolete now;
Where the streets are so clean, and the door steps
all shine,
Where the girls are so charming, nay, almost
divine;
Where the markets are really a sight to behold,
And the butter-tub hoops are resplendent as gold,
Where on Saturday morning with bucket and
hose,
A man is besprinkled wherever he goes."

☞ An old lady of Massachusetts cannot conceive what necessity there is for uniting England and the United States, when so much trouble was taken, some years ago, to separate the two countries.

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

Dowagiac, Michigan, Sept. 10th, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Evening Post:

Dear Sir:—Just a month to-day since I last reported myself! Verily I have been backward in my pleasant duty. But our life out here is so uncommonly "slow" and uneventful that it is hard for me to believe a detailed account of it can be of interest to you and your readers. Then I have been very busy about a thousand little bits of work, trifles of pastime and daily cares for my baby-mistress, my fairy Duchess—"the smallest lady alive." I have been lazy too, in brief, delicious fits, like doses in sermon-time, followed by seasons of conviction and repentance; and lastly, I have indulged in a little illness—short, but sharp, just to complete the agreeable variety.

Soon after I wrote you last, we had a party of friends, all kith and kin, come over from Branch county, for a week's visit. We had what college lads call "a tempus," though the weather was, part of the time, fearfully hot and close, and some of the little ones were under it. One charming day, succeeding a rain, we improved by a long drive across "the swamp," to see some beautiful lakes, and to dine with a friend, an Indian Chief. Not, as you may be sorry to learn, in the romantic, Catlin-esque, and Cooper-dramatic style—squatted on mats and skins, in a smoky wigwam, eating succotash, with wooden spoons, out of calabashes, or one common, hospitable gregarian pot—but seated on regular, respectable chairs, around a table draped with snow-white linen, in a pleasant farm-house, we partook of a varied and excellent repast. Succotash we had indeed, but we ate it off China plates, with silver spoons—and corn in the ear and wild berries—behold all, of dishes aboriginal! The snowy bread, the golden butter, the delicate barn-yard fowls, the pastry, cakes and honey were the last results of civilization. All this was doubtless more humdrum than the primitive Indian style of doing things, but it was also more comfortable, and I think that none of us regretted the wigwam romance; not even the brave son of the forest who sat at the head of the table.

Our host, born *Makkaddahbinnesse*, or King of the Birds—christened and condensed into Edward Cowles, is a full-blooded Chippewa, but having been converted, by the missionaries at Mackinac, in his early youth, he was educated at Oberlin, and after frequent and terrific struggles with his savage propensities, wild longings for freedom and adventure, which he set down as the rebellious throes of original and aboriginal sin, he became thoroughly Christianized and civilized. Happily, his primitive manhood was not wholly crushed out of him in the painful process: he has retained his truthful, independent spirit, his simplicity, courage, honesty and temperance to a wonderful degree.

One of my brothers was with Mr. Cowles in college, and was, I fear, more than once the cause of his "backsliding," for a day's hunting or fishing. I remember his afterwards visiting that brother, at Rochester. I was then in the first glow of Cooper-enthusiasm. Uncas and Miantonomo were the wood-gods of my idolatry, and I was grievously disappointed at the young Chippewa's sober and civil dress, cropped hair and general peaceableness of demeanor. To my romantic eye, a hunting-shirt, ornamented with wampum and porcupine-quills, a blanket, leggings, moccasins, a little paint, a few feathers, a tomahawk and a frown of defiant pride would have improved the young man vastly. As it was, I must confess he was unsatisfactorily tame and Christianlike.

Mr. Cowles, after a few years spent in lecturing and teaching, married a "pale-face"—a New England woman, of noble character and fine intellect, and settled down to the life of a farmer. Though on perfectly good terms with his people, whom he occasionally visits, he has long resigned his birthright dignities of chieftainship, and has never for even a brief period, relapsed into barbarism. Few traces of his race, or early life, can be seen in his habits or conversation. He has taken civilization thoroughly by inoculation, if not by "the natural way." But more of him anon, perhaps.

After dinner we had a very merry time, all seated on the grass, in the shade of the house—some smoking, and all laughing and jesting. Many of the puns perpetrated on that occasion, should have been recorded,—some for their goodness, and more for their excellent badness. I can now remember but one. The conversation somehow got upon a certain distinguished criminal, and on his somewhat worse than dubious character as a man of business, and M——— said—

"He was scarcely ever known to pay a debt, till he was compelled to pay the debt of nature."

"Why, my dear madam," said W———, "he did not pay *that*—he *suspended*."

But the children had the best time of it.—There were seven of them, and such glorious rough-and-tumble frolics as they had on the grass, with the dogs and cats, and our friend S———, who played "The Good-natured Bear," as though "to the manner born." My brother W——— had a gentle old horse, then, on which a side-saddle was put and each of the little folk took a ride around the yard, in turn. Our own "wonderfu' wean" protested against being held, grasped the reins, called for the whip, and evidently desired only a clear course, and no favors. The wilful little Amazon!—I gloried in her spunk, while I reproved her audacity.

Another play which diverted them immensely, was the railroad-train. My brother W——— was the locomotive, and an uncommonly well-behaved engine he proved. Our eldest little cousin, a child of peculiarly affectionate nature, was the *tender*, her wild little sister was the *baggage-car*. I named and numbered the others, from *car 1*, down to the one in which I had the most property, which of course, was *car-tissima*.

Round and round a circular course they went, with much puffing and blowing of the engine, and the sounding of innumerable steam-whistles of shrillest laughter, till some unseen impediment, a dry hollyhock stalk, or twig of a rose-bush, thrown across the track, threw off the little hindmost car. Without waiting to have her *switched on*, the locomotive and the rest of the train ran on, and entered the station unconscious of their loss. It was uncommonly like the real thing!

After a little of the heat of the day was past, we drove some miles away, to a fine sheet of water, called "Dewey's Lake." Finding that there were no boats to be had here, we went about half a mile farther, to "Magician's Lake"—by far the most beautiful of the two. We spent several hours in boating, and in visiting a lovely, lonely little island, within whose deep, dark, silent woods, we found no trace of man, or the work of his hands.

As we rowed about the waters of the lake, which are of a peculiar, sparkling clearness, the hush of a primeval quiet seemed to reign around us, and as we approached the densely wooded shore, through reeds and rushes, all was so still, so wild and savage, that we could hardly have been surprised to see dusky hands part the bushes, and the keen eyes of Indian scouts peer out from the green shade. Quite in keeping, though hardly agreeably so, with the scene, would have been the wild war-whoop, that barbaric prophecy of the steam-whistle, pealing from shore to shore.

We returned through lovely forest roads to our friend, the "Bird King's" happy nest, where we took tea, and then came home by moonlight.

This country is beautiful, throughout the summer and autumn—but most beautiful where the least cultivated. Most of the human habitations here are at the best, necessary evils; in a picturesque point of view, blots and blemishes. They deform the beauteous earth like gigantic *fungi*, while the rude and slovenly cultivation which mostly prevails, but scratches and disfigures it. I hate all new little towns and settlements, but the noble woods and oak-openings hereabouts, are my peculiar delight. It is so novel and strange a pleasure to be able to drive for miles, along densely shaded roads, under drooping green boughs, with only forest blooms, and scents, and sounds around you—the low, delicious murmur of countless million of leaves, the tinkle of hidden brooks, the melodious confusion of bird tongues, the small-talk of squirrels, the whirr of partridges, the soft hum, the trills, and peep-peeps and shrill little pipings of happy insects.

My horseback rides are always adventurous explorations of the most out-of-the-way and least trodden of these forest-paths, which I find leading off in every direction from the regular roads. Their green, shadowy, mysterious vistas are irresistibly attractive to me. You can gallop on, and on, in these still depths of greenery, for hours sometimes, without meeting any one. Over some of the wildest paths, the oak branches bend so low that if you gloried in the long locks of a poetaster, or a reformer, you would frequently be obliged to bow to your saddle-bow, to avoid the fatal catastrophe which befel the young man Absalom, in the wood of Ephraim. Sometimes you would come out suddenly upon a little plain of soft flowery turf, broken by lovely groups of oak trees. These are the "oak-openings," and riding in and out among them, is like voyaging in a pleasure-boat among a thousand fairy isles.

I have taken my little daughter with me to *ride*, when *I have had a particularly tractable* pony—carried her before me, in the old primitive way. You could have tracked us all through the woods by the ring of her silvery laughter. It was as good as a bell. With every bound of the pony, she gave a small shout of exultation and ecstacy, while unvoiced laughters and raptures sparkled in her eyes. The very tossing of her sunny curls seemed a dance of joy—she was as full of gladness as a young Bobolink of song. I had thought that nothing could add a new zest to my great pleasure and passion of horseback riding—but *this* laid the rose-leaf on the brimming wine-cup.

But though the country is so beautiful to a visitor, the country-people, I am sorry to say, are as hardly as inspiring subjects, physically, for the pen or pencil. As a general thing, they are a singularly joyless, spiritless, and unhealthy-looking set of men and women—of women especially. Well may they look miserable and downhearted, for they belong to the most melancholy sect of the *Shakers*. The ague—the insane denial of the natives to the contrary notwithstanding—is an old institution of the country, and should be delicately handled perhaps—yet but for this, Michigan would surely be one of the gardens of the world. It is the most common subject of conversation here—always suggested it seems, by shaking hands.

When ladies meet and pass the usual compliments, you invariably hear something about "chills"—either a complaint or condolence, or a kind, neighborly prophecy,—as, for instance—"No, I ain't feeling quite well—I had a right smart chill yesterday."—"I'm very sorry to hear that your baby has got the chills."—"You look dreadful sallow and blue about the lips—I'm sure you're aguish."

Quinine is an article of daily home consumption here. Families can manage to live without wheat flour, but not without that better flour of Cinchona. Of course, there is a great difference in localities. The settlers on the boggy lands being naturally the most shaky. Yet a stranger may seek for it all over Michigan, and hardly meet an acknowledged case; the people always answering inquiries something in this wise:—"Well, no, we don't have much of it about here—we call our place pretty healthy—but they have it awful over to the next town."

Dowagiac is a rude, straggling, uninviting village—many of the houses unsubstantial white shells, unrelieved by shade, look like enormous roc-eggs, deposited in the hot, bare sand. But being the chief agricultural depot and point of exportation, for miles around, its growth is rapid, and it is evidently destined to be a large town. It might have been beautiful from the beginning, but for the stupid vandalism of the early settlers, who cut down nearly all the noble forest trees.

In one thing the place reminds me in a lively manner of Italy:—its soil is one vast quicksand of fleas. This odious species of hops, is an unfailing spring-crop here, though the harvest is uncertain.

Many primitive customs, I am told, prevail here,—some of them, I must think, of the kind "more honored in the breach than the observance." Among these is the vulgar custom of mobbing hapless wedding parties by Calithumpian Serenades. We were wakened the other night by one of these terrific assaults upon a house in the neighborhood.

Funeral services are usually conducted with a great deal of melancholy parade, at the church. The coffin is deposited on a bier, before the pulpit, opened immediately after the sermon, and all present, friends and neighbors and curious strangers alike, invited to "walk up and take a look at the corpse." This custom is peculiarly shocking to me, wherever I meet with it. "Putting the dead in pillory," L——— calls it.

Thus much of fault-finding with this aspiring little prairie-town. In its favor, I can say that it counts among its citizens, I doubt not, more "righteous men" than the great city of Sodom was able to muster—people of intelligence and refinement, whose enlightened spirit and energy will yet, I trust, prevail over vulgar prejudices, rudeness and rowdyism, and form and guide society.

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Current Catastrophes—Freaks of the Lightning—A New Motor—A Fine Prospect for Concerts—Walking on Water—Progress in Russia—A Crying Evil—A Needed Reform—A Hale Old Man—A Strange Occurrence.

Paris, August 26, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Hurricanes; earthquakes; thunder-storms—in which, as in the church at Perues (Nord) the electric fluid fell at the door of the building, one portion of it bursting upon a tree and rooting it up, while the rest moved slowly round the interior of the edifice, passing beside a young abbe who was deep in his prayers on the pavement, going up into the organ-loft, and giving a vivid shock to half-a-dozen of the village belles who were practising canticles under the tutelage of the parish organist, and making its escape no one knows where or how, without hurting any one, and having only displaced, but not broken, a few panes in the church-windows, while in the palace of Ischia, King Bomba has been visited by the same formidable intruder, which passed through five saloons, then went off up a chimney, whereupon that potentate, who was seated in a room adjoining the scene of the electric promenade, has ordered the electric telegraph apparatus, which stood in one of the saloons, to be removed to an isolated building detached from the palace, though forming part of its dependencies,—floods in certain of the Swiss valleys, and a fall of earth in another; railway accidents, and several combustions of ladies and children, which combustion, thanks to the blow-pipe action of hooped petticoats, have for the most part terminated fatally; such form the main staple of the chronique of the past week. As to the splendid news of the success of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, the savans and journalists are busily calculating the immense results to be anticipated therefrom; one of the latter, M. Leconturier, of the Paris Observatory, having amused himself and the public by a calculation of the hours at which messages, sent from the Old World to the New, will be received in the latter; and showing that a message despatched from St. Petersburg at noon, will be received in New York at 7 A. M. of the same day, while a message sent from Berlin at *any* 6 P. M., will be received in Paris at half-past five, and so on.

Inventions, electric and other, are decidedly, thank Heaven, the order of the day; and as, "the more we have, the more we want," as a world, no less than as individuals, the rate of production in the Inventive Department of Humanity, is no doubt destined to go forward with ever accelerating speed. A friend of mine, in whose judgment I place much confidence, has just been recounting to me the splendid promise of a new adaptation of electricity which he had been invited to witness by its contriver, an engineer here, who has succeeded in producing an electrical motor, at once so cheap, so powerful, so small in compass, and of so little weight, that he regards steam as "done for," and the problems of domestic machinery and that of aerial navigation—to which half-a-dozen societies here are still devoting their energies with unflagging zeal—as perfectly settled. So many enthusiastic inventors, however, have already put forward the same claim, but without having been able to make it good, that I am far from endorsing the jubilant asseverations of my informant; but am fain to wait for the verdict of the learned personages who are shortly to decide on the merits of the affair.

Meantime, a Hungarian, M. Leon Hamel, has just given a concert in the National Theatre, at Pesth, in which he has settled the possibility of several musical instruments being played on simultaneously by the same performer by means of electricity. Five pianos being placed in view of the audience, and the electric battery being duly disposed in an adjoining room, M. Hamel seated himself at one of the pianos, and commenced a brilliant performance. Having shown off his skill to his own satisfaction and that of his audience, on a signal invisible to the latter, the wires attached to the other pianos, and connecting them with the one on which he was playing, were brought into communication with this one, and immediately, to the great excitement of the spectators, the keys of the other four pianos were seen to move in exact unison with the one at which the musician was seated, every note being produced, simultaneously, and with perfect clearness and precision, by each instrument. It was as though a single instrument, of five-fold power, were being played on; and the audience were so enchanted with the success of this most interesting experiment, that their shouts of applause almost drowned the music. The possibility of a performer being heard at once at any and every point of the earth's surface with which he can bring himself into electric *rapport*, is thus no longer a dream, but is demonstrated as perfectly feasible.

Independent of electricity, but still of very great interest, is the fact that a man has just walked, *by water*, in two days, *from* Rotterdam to Haarlem. He has performed this novel style of promenade by means of a pair of shoes of equally novel construction, which serve as boats to their wearer, and of a sort of oar, by means of which the *water-walker* directs his course upon the surface of the unstable element in question. He has betted that he will, in the same manner, walk from Rotterdam to Cologne in seven days, taking the Rhine as his road. "If this be true," exclaim the Paris journals in recounting the circumstance, "amateurs will be able to go from Paris to New York on foot, *by the Seine* and the ocean!"

Evidently the world is moving on, and not in the material sphere only. *Le Nord* gives an account of the reception of the new Protestant minister at Frauenfeld, in the Swiss canton Thurgovia, as a "fine example" of Christian charity which other communities would do well to imitate. On the day of the installation of the new pastor, the whole village, with the Catholic priests, turned out to welcome him; garlands of flowers, woven by the village-girls, both Catholic and Protestant, decorated the church doors, the pulpit, &c.; and the priest, at the head of a choir composed indiscriminately of Catholics and Protestants, led the canticle that was sung in honor of the day after the ceremony of induction had been performed in the Protestant chapel. When these proceedings were over, the notabilities of the village, of both creeds, including the Catholic priest and the new pastor, sat down together to a banquet, which passed off with the utmost kindness and good will.

That a better spirit is becoming active in the world, the recent course of events in Russia goes to prove. Alexander seems really to merit the epithets of "reformer" and "follower of Cobden," said to have been recently contemptuously applied to him by King Bomba when "giving a bit of his mind" upon matters and things to his ministers in council assembled. Various needed reforms, it is understood, are to be at once set on foot in Poland, which country Alexander has it much at heart to conciliate by a liberal policy. According to the Warsaw correspondent of the *Agence Bullier*, in the course of a recent conversation between Emperor Alexander and the Grand Duke Constantine, the former demanded of his brother why the Poles still persisted in their hostility, and in their hopes of regaining their national independence? To which question the Grand Duke thus replied: "What separates the Poles and the Russians is not the sentiment of nationality, for they are alike of Sclavonic origin; they are separated by religion and by civilization. Endeavor to destroy this barrier by according the fullest religious liberty to Poland, and by civilizing Russia as promptly as may be; and you will see the Poles remember that they have a common origin with ourselves, and unite with us in the sentiment of this common nationality. You will thus become the chief of the Sclavonic Empire, instead of being as now, the Czar of all the Russias. This was the idea pursued by our father, of glorious memory; but he believed that it could be realized by force, and I believe that it can only be realized by the progress of civilization and religious toleration." It is understood that the promulgation of the ukases which limit the powers of the orthodox Greek clergy, was the *consequence of this conversation between the* Emperor and the Governor-General of Poland.

The *Gazette de la Bourse*, of Berlin, states that the success of the laying of the transatlantic cable has decided Russia to carry into execution a similar enterprise, which has been for some time in contemplation by the Government of that Power, and that arrangements have been entered into with the English Transatlantic Telegraph Company for the laying down of a submarine line across Behring's Straits. This project of the Russian Government, whose execution had been delayed on account of the ill-success which had previously attended the effort at laying the line between Ireland and Newfoundland, was suggested by a memoir on the subject, drawn up by M. Babinet, of the French Institute, in which that *savan* demonstrated the feasibility of transatlantic communication, and which was also supported by the authority of M. de Humboldt, which venerable old *savant*, by the way, has just had the honor of breakfasting with the Queen of England and her spouse, who hold him in great affection, and received him with every demonstration of kindness and respect.

I am delighted to see the monstrous custom of using saleratus, soda, &c., in bread, so common in the United States, so vigorously attacked in the number of the Poor which has this moment reached me. I had been intending to favor your readers with a "screed" on this subject, moved thereto by the whity-green complexions and hollow eyes of a number of friends from your side the water, who have recently passed through Paris, victims of dyspepsia, brought on, as no one here would doubt, by the unhealthy peculiarities of American life and diet, and among which, as I have been expending a vast deal of eloquence to convince these successive batches of migratory invalids, the use of bread, rendered unwholesome either by containing poisonous ingredients, or by being eaten too new, or by both, would be unhesitatingly set down by all Europeans, as one of the most actively injurious. I trust your able correspondent, having struck a first blow at the use of what may be too truly denominated *poisoned bread*, will extend her efforts to the kindred subject of the mischiefs arising from the whole tribe of "griddle cakes," whose tenacity of texture, even when seemingly light, gives a world of wearing labor to the stomach, to say nothing of the additional fatigue imposed on that ill-used organ, which is yet the key-stone of health or of disease, by the quantities of butter in an oily state, of syrup, or of molasses, with which this form of food is usually accompanied, and the ruinously high temperature at which it is swallowed. When the world has come to see that the Divine Law embraces alike the Highest and the Lowest, is as much the law of week-days as of Sundays, and claims as entire and loving an adhesion in what we short-sightedly call *little things*, as in those seemingly greater matters that rest on "little things" as their basis—that dyspepsia, consumption, and the whole sad list of human infirmities, being the result of infractions of this Law, are as truly, (though in a somewhat different sense,) *sins against Heaven*, as arson or murder,—that we owe to our Maker the tribute of a healthy body as really as that of a pure heart—it may be confidently predicted that the use of unwholesome diet will be held in horror as a crime, and that we shall shrink with as much repugnance from the thought of slowly murdering ourselves and those about us with unwholesome food as of inflicting upon ourselves and our dependants the speedier destruction of the halter or the gun.

While awaiting the progress of our slowly-learning little planet to this point in its moral and commonsensical development, we might at once lay to heart the necessity for greater precaution in proceeding to the burial of persons supposed to be dead.

A recent number of the *Etoile Belge* narrates an incident which had just occurred in the church of the Minimes, in Brussels, where, while the officiating priests were finishing the prayers for the repose of the soul of a child whom they were about to bury, the supposed corpse waking suddenly from its lethargy began to shriek and cry, and to beat against the narrow walls of the coffin, to the amazement and terror of those who were on the point of consigning the poor little fellow to a premature grave. The coffin was of course immediately opened, the child taken out, and transported without delay to the nearest hospital. "We hope," says the Belgian journal, "that this occurrence will help to convince the public of the terrible danger of proceeding too hastily to the burial of those who are supposed to have yielded up their last breath." Similar instances are of frequent occurrence, and call loudly for a reform in the customs of burial in many regions of the Old World as well as of the New.

If some persons—as is unhappily too well proved by experience—get buried too soon, it is amazing how long some others contrive to keep out of the hands of the sexton. The *Languedocien* states that there is, at this time, in the neighborhood of Pezenas, an old man, named Bernard Waisse, born in the Tarn, who has reached the age of one hundred and one years. He is tall and robust, stoops very slightly, and is in the full enjoyment of all his faculties. He comes into the town on foot, every Sunday, to attend mass, and occasionally performs a journey of several leagues in the same manner. Waisse served twelve years in the army under Louis XVI., after which he left the army, and returned to his family, gaining his livelihood by working in the field. He is gifted with a memory of uncommon tenacity, and narrates the most minute circumstances of all the events which he has witnessed, or of which he has heard the particulars from those who took part in them, never forgetting a name or a date in the numberless details of the stirring events that marked the conclusion of the eighteenth century. This hale old man comes of a stock famous for *its longevity*; his father having attained the age of one hundred and ten, and his grandfather that of one hundred and twenty-one. The latter killed a hare at a hunting-match only twenty days before his death.

My pen has run on so fast that the sight of the sheets already written warns me to reserve for my next, the subject of the Exhibition now in "full feather" as Dijon, and of the choral show-off of which that rich old city has just been the scene, especially as I must find room for an "authentic" bit of the marvellous which I have just had from a friend of the party to whom the strange incident occurred, premising only that—although I offer no opinion on the matter—the *fact* is really a perfectly authentic one in every particular. A year or two ago then, a rich family rented a very old country-seat, at C——— in England, which had not been inhabited for many years. The house was repaired, handsomely fitted up, and the W———'s took possession of it with great satisfaction. It stood in fine old grounds, surrounded by fields; its rooms were spacious and cheerful, and none of them, as far as I can learn, ever had the reputation of being haunted, or in any way "uncanny."

Not long after the W———'s had taken possession of the house, one of the ladies happened to be sitting alone, one afternoon, in a parlor that had a high, old-fashioned mantel-piece of black marble, a very handsome affair, remarkable for the extreme polish of the marble, that made it almost as good a reflector as a mirror. It was, in fact, one of the "features" of the establishment. Miss W——— had been sitting for an hour or two in front of the fire, in a large, easy chair, reading; the rest of the family were out. As it grew dusk, and she grew, at last, somewhat tired of reading, she let the book slip upon her lap, and lounging back in the cosy old chair, went off into a fit of musing, her eyes resting, half-unconsciously on the mantel-piece, in which the objects about her were dimly reflected. Presently her eyes were arrested by seeing something like a human head in the marble, and as she looked at it, it seemed to become clearer, and to grow into the outline of a man. Rising from her recumbent position, she bent forward, and looked with some curiosity, into the marble, wondering by what effect of light and shade, or by what reflection of the furniture in the room, this strange appearance could be caused. But what was now her amazement and horror at seeing the entire figure of a man—his face turned away, but wearing a hat of very peculiar shape—stooping downwards with violent gestures, and a knife in his hand, with which he was cutting the throat of another man whom she could distinctly see, held down by the knees of the murderer in the odd-shaped hat. Fascinated by the spectacle, and unable to take her eyes off the marble, Miss W——— seemed to be compelled by some power which she could not resist, to watch the horrid butchery to its consummation, when the vision suddenly vanished, and the lady, sick with horror, rose from the chair, marvelling whether she had been dreaming, and half afraid that she was going mad.

Do what she would, she could not shake off the thought of the hideous scene enacted, as it were, under her very eyes, though seen only in the dusky lustre of the old mantel-piece: she felt ill and anxious, and could by no means master the impression she had received, though she did not like to speak of it, fearing the other members of the family would laugh at her "fancies."

Next day she still felt so very unwell from the nervous horror of the impression, that she sent for her doctor, and told him she felt ill and excited, but could not muster courage to tell him of her vision. The doctor, however, having prescribed rest and some slight medicament, remarked,

"I suppose you have heard of the horrid murder that has been committed, close by here, only three fields from your house. It seems to have been committed last night, or yesterday afternoon, the body having been found in a ditch, with the throat cut, but not the slightest clue having, as yet, been discovered by which to trace the murderer."

Miss W——— listened to this statement with open mouth and eyes so wide in horrified wonder that the doctor looked at her with amazement. She at once informed him of the vision of the preceding afternoon, and avowed that the horror it had awakened in her mind had been the real cause of her indisposition though she had not been able to muster courage to speak of it.

The doctor immediately drove off to the nearest police-station, narrated the strange vision seen by the lady, minutely describing the hat which she had seen on the head of the murderer. The description of this hat, which was perfectly familiar to the police-officers, was so exact that a man to whom precisely such a hat really belonged, was at once arrested, betrayed himself by the uncontrollable terror he manifested on his examination, confessed the murder of which he narrated all the particulars, and was duly hanged for the crime which had been so mysteriously witnessed by Miss W——— in the old black marble mantel-piece of the sitting-room in the old dwelling of C———. What can be said to such a case of "clairvoyance," vouched for not only by the testimony of the parties concerned, but confirmed by the judicial records of the United Kingdom?

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* states that Home, the celebrated medium, did not marry that Russian Princess, after all. Mr. Home not being able to prove his relationship to the Homes of the House of Douglas, papa was not willing, and the alliance was not made.

We were shown, on Saturday, a piece of the Atlantic cable, of the shore end on the Irish side, which is much larger than the rest, on account of the rocky nature of the coast. It is about four and a-half inches in circumference, and instead of being surrounded by the same strands of thin wire as the rest, is protected by strong, thick, stout wires, perhaps a quarter of an inch in diameter. About fifty miles of this kind of cable were laid down at the Valentia Bay terminus.—*Philada. North American.*

The Milwaukie *Free Democrat* states that the Universalists of Wisconsin, at their late Convention, appointed a Committee to visit the State prison, and ascertain the religious faith of the inmates. The Committee performed the duty required of them, and report that there are of Lutherans, 37; Methodists, 36; Roman Catholics, 32; Nothingarians, 35; Presbyterians, 4; Episcopalians, 11; Baptists, 14; Mormons, 5; Annihilationists, 2; Infidels, 4; United Brethren, 1; Congregationalists, 1; French Protestants, 1; Universalists, 1. Whole number, 184.

The sale of the canals by the State of Pennsylvania, has been finally consummated. The President of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company, Mr. Moorhead, has concluded with the Governor, State Treasurer, and Attorney General, *the closing act of the entire transaction, namely*—the paying over to the Commonwealth, as provided in the third section of the law authorizing the sale, 75 per cent. of the excess of the price, three and a half millions, at which the canals were sold to the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company. The excess received by the State amounts to two hundred and eighty-one thousand and two hundred and fifty dollars.

The New Haven Register gives an account of a farmer in Indiana who plants four thousand acres of corn. He sends his corn husks to London, and last year they brought $15,000. He has between 700 and 800 hogs, which sold for over $7 a head. His intention is next year to move his ploughs by two steam engines, and, if they work as he expects, to plant ten thousand acres of corn!

A Handsome Bequest.—On Tuesday night week, Junius W. Craig, of Helena, Arkansas, died at Louisville. He left a will bequeathing to Miss Wright, of Louisville, to whom he was betrothed, half of the annual income of his estate—making an annuity of $20,000. He desired that the remaining half of his income be devoted to the improvement of his estate, and after her death the whole property to go to the endowment of a college at Helena. The will is contested by his relatives.

Crinoline Measured.—According to the Courier de Charleroi, the lessees of dancing saloons in Belgium complain bitterly of the falling off in their receipts, occasioned by the extra space now occupied by crinolines. An instrument, called the "crinolimeter," has consequently been adopted by some of them, and persons whose crinolines surpass a fixed development, are charged an extra admission fee. At a ball given at Montigny, in Belgium, one female was measured and charged an extra 75 centimes; another person, of an economic disposition, preferred reducing her crinoline by taking out two hoops!

Eight Hundred Sheep Poisoned.—Mr. Bird, farmer, at Barton, England, has sustained a heavy loss in a singular manner. He had a flock of 867 sheep, which were recently "dipped" in a chemical solution used for destroying ticks, &c., and then turned out to grass. It is supposed that this solution was washed off the sheep by a shower of rain and fell upon the grass, which, being eaten by the sheep, poisoned them. Only twenty-six out of 867 remained alive.

A boat containing a number of persons was recently cut in two by a steamboat on the Lake of Geneva. Among those who thus found a watery grave, were a young Englishman and his wife, who were on their wedding tour. They were found embraced in each other's arms.

Duel Between O. J. Wise and S. Clemens.—Richmond, Va., Sept. 17.—A duel was fought this morning, near this city, between O. Jennings Wise and Sherrard Clemens. Mr. Clemens was wounded in the thigh. The cause of the difficulty was the recent comments in the Enquirer on Mr. Clemens relative to the gubernatorial question. Mr. Clemens was the challenger.

Important Will Case.—In the Supreme Court yesterday morning, before Judge Ingraham, an interesting decision was given in relation to a will in which the claim of St. Peter's Catholic Church, as devisee, was declared void. The deceased, Jas. Fitzpatrick, had bequeathed certain property to the church, "for the good of his soul," but the Judge decided, in effect, that the language used was too equivocal to render the bequest valid.

Mortality from Chloroform.—It appears that the mortality in the London hospitals has increased since the introduction of etherization from twenty-one to thirty-three per cent., or, to vary the expression, instead of amputation being fatal in a less proportion than one in four of those operated upon, it now proves fatal to one in three. The Medical Times and Gazette asks, in view of these facts, whether so enormous a sacrifice of life is not too high a price to be paid for anæsthesia?

FARMING LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR AUGUST.

In looking at the life of the New England farmer, the first fact that strikes us is, that it is actually a very different thing from what it might be and ought to be. There dwells in every mind, through all callings and all professions, the idea that the farmer's life is, or may be, is, or should be, the truest and sweetest life that man can live. The merchant may win all the prizes of trade, the professional man may achieve triumphs beyond his hopes, the author may find his name upon every lip, and his works accounted among the nation's treasures, and all may move amid the whirl and din of the most inspiring life, yet there will come to every one, in quiet evening-hours, the vision of the old homestead, long since forsaken; or the imagination will weave a picture of its own,—a picture of rural life, so homely, yet so beautiful, that the heart will breathe a sigh upon it, the eye will drop a tear upon it, and the voice will say, "It were better so!" * * * * *

There is a thought in all this that the farm is nearer heaven than the street,—a reminiscence of the first estate, when man was lord of Eden; and this thought, old as art and artificial life, cannot be rooted out of the mind. It has a life of its own, independent of reason, above instinct, among the quickest intuitions of the soul.

Now this idea, so universal, so identical in millions of minds, springing with such spontaneity in the midst of infinitely varied circumstances, abiding with such tenacity in every soul, can have its basis nowhere save in a Divine intention and a human possibility. The cultivation of the farm is the natural employment of man. It is upon the farm that virtue should thrive the best, that the body and the mind should be developed the most healthfully, that temptations should be the weakest, that social intercourse should be the simplest and sweetest, that beauty should thrill the soul with the finest raptures, and that life should be tranquillest in its flow, longest in its period, and happiest in its passage and its issues. This is the general and the first ideal of the farmer's life, based upon the nature of the farmer's calling and a universally recognized human want. Why does the actual differ so widely from the ideal? It is not because the farmer's labor is hard and constant, alone.—There is no fact better established than that it is through the habitual use both of the physical and mental powers that the soul achieves, or receives, its most healthful enjoyment, and requires that tone which responds most musically to the touch of the opportunities of leisure. Why, then, we repeat, does the actual differ so widely from the ideal?

A general answer to this question is, that that is made an end of life which should be but an accident or a means. Life is confounded with labor, and thrift with progress; and material success is the aim to which all other aims are made subordinate. There is no fact in physiology better established than that hard labor, followed from day to day and year to year, absorbing every thought and every physical energy, has the direct tendency to depress the intellect, blunt the sensibilities, and animalize the man. In such a life, all the energies of the brain and nervous system are directed to the support of nutrition and the stimulation of the muscular system. Man thus becomes a beast of burden, the creature of his calling; and though he may add barn to barn, and acre to acre, he does not lead a life which rises in dignity above that of the beasts which drag his plough. He eats, he works, he sleeps. Surely, there is no dignity in a life like this; there is nothing attractive and beautiful and good in it. It is a mean and contemptible life; and all its maxims, economies, associations, and objects are repulsive to a mind which apprehends life's true enjoyments and ends. We say that it is a pestilent perversion. We say that it is the sale of the soul to the body; it is turning the back upon life, upon growth, upon God, and descending into animalism.

The true ideal of the farmer's life—of any life contemplates something outside of, and above, the calling which is its instrument. The farmer's life is no better than the life of a street-sweeper, if it rise no higher than the farmer's work. If the farmer, standing under the broad sky, breathing the pure air, listening to the song of birds, watching the progress of

"The great miracle that still goes on,"

to work the transformation of the brown seeds which he drops into the soil into fields of green and gold, and gazing upon landscapes shifting with the seasons and flushed with new tints through every sunlit and moonlit hour, does not apprehend that his farm has higher uses for him than those of feeding his person and his purse, he might as well dwell in a coal-mine.

Our soil is sterile, our modes of farming have been rude until within a few years; and under the circumstances—with the Yankee notion that the getting of money is the chief end of man—exclusive devotion to labor has been deemed indispensable to success. The maxims of Franklin have been literally received and adopted as divine truth. We have believed that to labor is to be thrifty, that to be thrifty is to be respectable, that to be respectable is to afford facilities for being still more thrifty; and our experience is, that with increased thrift comes increased labor. This is the circle of our ambitions and rewards. All begins and ends in labor. The natural and inevitable result of this is both physical and mental deterioration.

It is doubtful whether the world furnishes a finer type of man, physically and intellectually, than the Irish gentleman. He is handsome, large, courageous,—a man of fine instincts, brilliant imagination, courtly manners, and full, vital force. By the side of the Irish gentleman, there has grown for centuries the Irish peasant. He is ugly, of stunted stature, and pugnacious; and he produces children like himself. The two classes started from a common blood; they now present the broadest contrast. We do not say that freedom from severe labor on the one side, and confinement to it on the other, are entirely responsible for this contrast; difference of food and other obvious causes have had something to do with it; but we say that hard labor has, directly and indirectly, degraded from a true style of manhood the great mass of the Irish peasantry. They are a marked class, and carry in their forms and faces the infallible insignia of mental and physical degeneration.

We would by no means compare New England farmers with the Irish peasantry. We only present the contrast between these two classes of the Irish population as the result of unremitting toil on one side, and a more rational kind of life on the other. If we enter a New England church, containing a strictly rural assembly, and then visit another containing a class whose labor is lighter, and whose style of life is based upon different ideas, we shall see a contrast less marked, perhaps, but presenting similar features. The farming population of New England is not a handsome population, generally. The forms of both men and women are angular: their features are not particularly intellectual; their movements are not graceful: and their calling is evident by indubitable signs. The fact that the city assemblage is composed of a finer and higher grade of men, women, and children is of particular moment to our argument, because it is composed of people who are only one, two, or three removes from a rural origin. The city comes from the country; the street is replenished by the farm; but the city children, going back to the farm, show that a new element has been introduced into their blood. The angles are rounded; the face is brighter; the movements are more graceful; there is in every way a finer development.

There is probably no better exponent of the farmer's life than the farmer's home. We propose to present the portrait of such a home, and, while we offer it as a just outline of the farmer's home generally, in districts removed from large social centres, we gladly acknowledge the existence of a great multitude of happy exceptions. But the sketch:—A square, brown house; a chimney coming out of the middle of a roof; not a tree nearer than the orchard, and not a flower at the door. At one end projects a kitchen; from the kitchen projects a wood-shed and wagon-cover, occupied at night by hens: beyond the wood-shed, a hog-pen, fragrant and musical. Proceeding no farther in this direction, we look directly across the road, to where the barn stands, like the hull of the great black ship-of-the-line, with its port holes opened threateningly upon the fort opposite, out of one of which a horse has thrust his head for the possible purpose of examining the strength of the works. An old sled is turned up against the wall close by, where it will have the privilege of rotting. This whole establishment was contrived with a single eye to utility. The barn was built in such a manner that its deposits might be convenient to the road which divides the farm, while the sty was made an attachment of the house for convenience in feeding its occupants.

We enter the house at the back door, and find the family at dinner in the kitchen. A kettle of soap grease is stowing upon the stove, and the fumes of this, mingled with those that were generated by boiling the cabbage which we see upon the table, and by perspiring men in shirt-sleeves, and by boots that have forgotten or do not care where they have been, make the air anything but agreeable to those who are not accustomed to it. This is the place where the family live. They cook everything here for themselves and their hogs. They eat every meal here. They sit here every evening, and here they receive their friends. The women in this kitchen toil incessantly, from the time they rise in the morning until they go to bed at night. Here man and woman, sons and daughters, live, in the belief that work is the great thing, that efficiency in work is the crowning excellence of manhood and womanhood, and willingly go so far into essential self-debasement, sometimes, as to contemn beauty and those who love it, and to glory above all things in brute strength and brute endurance.

Here we are ready to state the point and the lesson of our discussion:—The real reason for the deterioration of agriculture in New England is to be found in the fact that the farmer's life and the farmer's home, generally, are unloved and unlovable things, and in the multitude of causes which have tended to make them so. Let the son of such a home as we have pictured get a taste of a better life than this, or through sensibilities which he did not inherit, apprehend a worthier style of existence, and what inducements, save those which necessity imposes, can retain him there? He hates the farm, and will flee from it at the first opportunity. If the New England farmer's life were a loved and lovable thing, the New England boys could hardly be driven from the New England hills. They would not only find a way to live here, but they would make farming profitable. They would honor the employment to which they are bred, and would leave it, save in exceptional instances, for no other. It is not strange that the country grows thin and the city plethoric. It is not strange that mercantile and mechanical employments are thronged by young men, running all risks for success, when the alternative is a life in which they find no meaning, and no inspiring and ennobling influence.

The popular ideal of the farmer's life and home, to which we have alluded, we believe to be what God intended. That life contemplates the institution and maintenance of personal and social habits, and the cultivation of tastes and faculties, separate from, and above, labor. Every farm-house should be a residence of men and women, boys and girls, who, appreciating something of the meaning and end of life, rise from every period of labor into an atmosphere of intellectual and social activity, or into some form of refined family enjoyment. It is impossible to do this while surrounded with all the associations of labor. If there is a room in every farmer's house where the work of the family is done, there should be a room in every farmer's house where the family should live—where beauty should appeal to the eye, where genuine comfort of appointments should invite to repose, where books should be gathered, where neatness and propriety of dress should be observed, and where labor may be forgotten. The life led here should be labor's exceeding great reward. A family living like this—and there are families that live thus—will ennoble and beautify all their surroundings. There will be trees at their door, and flowers in their garden, and pleasant and graceful architectural ideas in their dwelling. Human life will stand in the foreground of such a home—human life, crowned with its dignities and graces—while animal life will be removed among the shadows, and the gross material utilities, tastefully disguised, will be made to retire into an unoffending and harmonious perspective.

But we have alluded to other causes than labor as in some measure responsible for the unattractiveness of the farmer's life, and affecting adversely the farming interest. These touch the matter at various points, and are charged with greater or less importance. We know of no one cause more responsible for whatever there may be of physical degeneracy among the farming population than the treatment of its child-bearing women: and this, after all, is but a result of entire devotion to the tyrannical idea of labor. If there be one office or character higher than all others, it is the office or character of mother. Surely, the bringing into existence of so marvellous a thing as a human being, and the training of that being until it assumes a recognized relation to God and human society, is a sacred office, and one which does not yield in dignity and importance to any other under heaven. For a woman who faithfully fulfils this office, who submits without murmuring to all its pains, who patiently performs its duties, and who exhausts her life in a ceaseless overflow of love upon those whom God has given her, no words can express a true man's veneration. She claims the homage of our hearts, the service of our hands, the devotion of our lives.

Yet what is the position of the mother in the New England farmer's home? The farmer is careful of every animal he possesses. The farm-yard and the stall are replenished with young, by creatures for months dismissed from labor, or handled with intelligent care while carrying their burden; because the farmer knows that only in this way can he secure improvement, and sound, symmetrical development, to the stock of his farm. In this he is a true, practical philosopher. But what is his treatment of her who bears his children? The same physiological laws apply to her that apply to the brute. Their strict observance is greatly more imperative, because of her finer organization; yet they are not thought of: and if the farmyard fail to shame the nursery, if the mother bear beautiful and well-organized children, Heaven be thanked for a merciful interference with the operation of its own laws! Is the mother in a farmhouse ever regarded as a sacred being? Look at her hands! Look at her face! Look at her bent and clumsy form! Is it more important to raise fine colts than fine men and women? Is human life to be made secondary and subordinate to animal life? Is not she who should receive the tenderest and most considerate ministries of the farmer's home, in all its appointments and in all its service, made the ceaseless minister and servant of the home and all within it, with utter disregard of her office? To expect a population to improve greatly under this method is simply to expect miracles; and to expect a farmer's life and a farmer's home to be attractive, where the mother is a drudge, and secures less consideration than the pets of the stall, is to expect impossibilities.

Another cause which has tended to the deterioration of the farmer's life is its solitariness. The towns in New England which were settled when the Indians were in possession of the country, and which, for purposes of defence, were settled in villages, have enjoyed great blessings; but a large portion of agricultural New England was differently settled. It is difficult to determine why isolation should produce the effect it does upon the family development. The Western pioneer, who, leaving a New England community, plants himself and his young wife in the forest, will generally become a coarse man, and will be the father of coarse children. The lack of the social element in the farmer's life is doubtless a cause of some of its most repulsive characteristics. Men are constituted in such a manner, that constant social contact is necessary to the healthfulness of their sympathies, the quickness of their intellects, and the symmetrical development of their powers. It matters little whether a family be placed in the depths of a Western forest, or upon the top of a New England hill; the result of solitude will be the same in kind, if not in degree.

Now the farmer, partly from isolation, and partly from absorption in labor, is the most unsocial man in New England. The farmers are comparatively few who go into society at all, who ever dine with their neighbors, or who take any genuine satisfaction in the company of the women whom their wives invite to tea. They may possibly be farmers among farmers, but they are not men among men and women. Intellectually, they are very apt to leave life where they begin it. Socially, they become dead for years before they die. The inhabitants of a city can have but a poor apprehension of the amount of enjoyment and development that comes to them through social stimulus. Like gold, humanity becomes bright by friction, and grows dim for lack of it. So, we say, the farmer's life and home can never be what they should be—can never be attractive by the side of other life containing a true social element—until they have become more social. The individual life must not only occupy a place above that of a beast of burden, but that life must be associated with all congenial life within its reach. The tree that springs in the open field, though it be fed by the juices of a rood, through absorbents that penetrate where they will, will present a hard and stunted growth; while the little sapling of the forest, seeking for life among a million roots, or growing in the crevice of a rock, will lift to the light its cap of leaves upon a graceful stem, and whisper, even-headed, with the stateliest of its neighbors. Men, like trees, were made to grow together, and both history and philosophy declare that this Divine intention cannot be ignored or frustrated with impunity.

Traditional routine has also operated powerfully to diminish the attractiveness of agricultural employments. This cause, very happily, grows less powerful from year to year. The purse is seen to have an intimate sympathy with intelligent farming. Were we to say that God had so constituted the human mind that routine will tire and disgust, we should say in effect that He never intended the farmer's life to be one of routine. Nature has done all she can to break up routine. While the earth swings round its orbit once a year, and turns on its axis once in twenty-four hours—while the tide ebbs and flows twice daily, and the seasons come and go in rotation, every atom changes its relations to every other atom every moment. Influences are tossed into these skeleton cycles of motion and event which start a myriad of diverse currents, and break up the whole surface of life and being into a healthful confusion. There are never two days alike. The motherly sky never gives birth to twin clouds. The weather shakes its bundle of mysteries in our faces, and banters us with "Don't you wish you knew?" We prophesy rain upon the morrow, and wake with a bar of golden sunlight on the coverlet. We foretell a hard winter, and, before it is half gone, become nervous lest we should miss our supply of ice. The fly, the murrain, the potato rot, and the grasshoppers, all have a divine office in tipping over our calculations. The phantom host of the great North come out for parade without announcement, and shoot their arrows toward the zenith, and flout the stars with their rosy flags, and retire, leaving us looking into heaven and wondering. Long weeks of drought parch the earth, and then comes the sweet rain, and sets the flowers and the foliage dancing. All the seasons are either very late or very early, or, for some reason, "the most remarkable within the memory of man."

This is God's management for destroying routine within the law of stated revolution, and for bringing the mind constantly into contact with fresh influences. The soul, encased by a wall of adamantine circumstances, and driven around a track of unvarying duties, shrivels, or gets diseased. But these circumstances need not imprison the farmer, nor these duties become the polished pavement of his cell. He has life among the most beautiful scenes of Nature and the most interesting facts of Science. Chemistry, geology, botany, meteorology, entomology, and a dozen other related or constituent sciences—what is intelligent farming but a series of experiments, involving, first and last, all of these? What is a farm but a laboratory where the most important and interesting scientific problems are solved? The moment that any field of labor becomes intelligently experimental, that moment routine ceases, and that field becomes attractive. The most repulsive things under heaven become attractive, on being invested with a scientific interest. All, therefore, that a farmer has to do, to break up the traditional routine of his method and his labor, is to become a scientific farmer. He will then have an interest in his labor and its results above their bare utilities. Labor that does not engage the mind has no dignity; else the ox and the ass are kings in the world, and we are but younger brothers in the royal family. So we say to every farmer—If you would make your calling attractive to yourself and your boys, seek that knowledge which will break up routine, and make your calling, to yourself and to them, an intelligent pursuit.

A recent traveller in England speaks enthusiastically of a visit which he paid to an old farm-house in that country, and of the garden-farm upon which it stood, which had descended from father to son through a period of five hundred years. He found a family of charming intelligence and the politest culture. That hallowed soil was a beautiful body, of which the family interests and associations were the soul. To be dissociated from that soil forever would be regarded by its proprietors as almost equivalent to family annihilation. Proprietorship in English soil is one of the prime ambitions of the true Englishman; but we do not find in New England any kindred sentiments of pride in landed property and family affection for the paternal acres. The nomadic tribes of Asia would seem to have quite as strong local attachments as Yankee landholders, most of whom will sell their homesteads as readily as they will their horses. This fact we cannot but regard as one among the many causes which have conspired to despoil the farmer's calling of some of its legitimate attractions. The son slips away from the old homestead as easily as he does from the door of a hotel. Very likely his father has rooted up all home attachments by talking of removing Westward ever since the boy saw the light. This lack of affection for the family acres is doubtless owing somewhat to the fact that in this country landed property is not associated with political privilege, as it has been in England; but this cannot be the sole reason; for the sentiment has a genuine basis in nature, and, in not a few instances, an actual existence among us.

Resulting from the operation of all the causes which we have briefly noticed, there is another cause of the deterioration of farming life in New England, which cannot be recovered from in many years. Actual farming life has been brought into such harsh contrast with other life, that its best materials have been sifted out of it, have slid away from it. An inquiry at the doors of the great majority of farmers would exhibit the general fact, that the brightest boys have gone to college, or have become mechanics, or are teaching school, or are in trade, or have emigrated to the West. There have been taken directly out from the New England farming population its best elements—its quickest intelligence, its most stirring enterprise, its noblest and most ambitious natures—precisely those elements which were necessary to elevate the standard of the farmer's calling and make it what it should be. It is very easy to see why these men have not been retained in the past; it is safe to predict that they will not be retained in the future, unless a thorough reform be instituted. These men cannot be kept on a routine farm, or tied to a home which has no higher life than that of a workshop or a boarding-house. It is not because the work of the farm is hard that men shun it. They will work harder and longer in other callings for the sake of a better style of individual and social life. They will go to the city, and cling to it while half starving, rather than engage in the dry details and the hard and homely associations of the life which they forsook.

The boys are not the only members of the farmer's family that flee from the farmer's life. The most intelligent and most enterprising of the farmer's daughters become school-teachers, or tenders of shops or factory girls. They contemn the calling of their father, and will, nine times in ten, marry a mechanic in preference to a farmer. They know that marrying a farmer is a very serious business. They remember their worn-out mothers. They thoroughly understand that the vow that binds them in marriage to a farmer seals them to a severe and homely service that will end only in death.

As a consequence of this sifting process, to which we have given but a glance, a very decidedly depressing element is now being rapidly introduced into New England farming life. The Irish girls have found their way into the farmer's kitchen, and the Irish laborer has become the annual "hired man." At present, there are no means of measuring the effect of this new element; but it cannot fail to depress the tone of farming society, and surround it with a new swarm of menial associations.

In our judgment, there is but little in the improved modes of farming, in scientific discoveries, and new mechanical appliances, to be relied upon for the elevation of New England farming life. The farmer needs new implements. The process of regeneration must begin in the mind, and not in the soil. The proprietor of that soil should be the true New England gentleman. His house should be the home of hospitality, the embodiment of solid comfort and liberal taste, the theatre of an exalted family-life which shall be the master and not the servant of labor, and the central sun of a bright and happy social atmosphere. When this standard shall be reached, there will be no fear for New England agriculture. The noblest race of men and women the sun ever shone upon will cultivate these valleys and build their dwellings upon these hills; and they will cling to a life which blesses them with health, plenty, individual development, and social progress and happiness. This is what the farmer's life may be and should be; and if it ever rise to this in New England, neither prairie nor savanna can entice her children away: and waste land will become as scarce, at last, as vacant lots in Paradise.

LOVE IN THE RAIN.

My love took shelter under the tree
From rain, the summer rain.
And I, by love made bold and free,
Took shelter with her in the lee
Of the wide high-spreading chestnut tree,
And blessed the rain, the rain.
Quoth I, "Dost think the storm will pass?"
Quoth she, "I'm but a silly lass."
Quoth I, "True love hath rainbow light."
Quoth she, "Most beautiful and bright."
Quoth I, "My love is hard to tell."
Quoth she, "Come close, I'll listen well."
Oh, rain! oh, rain!
Oh, blessed rain!
No sunshine e'er shall come again
So dear to me as that stormy rain!

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

As for the historic proofs of the origin of Christism, all the great ones are testified by secular authorities. None great or small on which doubt has been thrown have come disgraced out of the investigation. We see a certain class of buildings scattered at various intervals over the entire surface of the planet on which we live. We ask the architect what they mean? He directs us to the antiquarian. The antiquarian shows us a continuous series of these erections or relics of them back through a thousand years and more. He has recourse to his drawings and manuscripts, and proves to us that edifices for the use of the same worship existed for centuries before even that period. The historian comes forward and connects them with the great transactions of the Roman Empire, right up to 1858 years ago. Surely here is a fact of some magnitude. I listen, and I hear the eloquent, proud, and stately Tacitus hissing through his teeth in regard to this specific religion such a phrase, as, in my judgment, I do not believe any other man of the age could have formed or would have thought of—"*exitiabilis superstitio.*" Surely then I must believe that Christism existed at that period. But I must believe more. I must believe it had already demonstrated itself to be a herculean power; for no mean thing could have so roused the spleen of that haughty and scholarly Roman. But to have become such a power, the new system must have had time: and that time could not be less than from our year to the time of Tacitus. But if we wish for yet more information as to the origin and first events of Christism, there are plenty more Pagans of the Roman Empire—for here we need only appeal to adversaries—to certify when and how Christism arose and was promulgated. The younger Pliny furnishes even a sketch of some of its doctrines and customs of worship: and relates his own action as a public functionary against the professors of Christism. Then the persecutions and the martyrdoms of the amphitheatre present the evidence. Not to go tediously into authorities, for they are too abundant for serial use here, thus much is clear that there is no uncertainty about the early history of this religion. There is no second version of it among ancient authors. All the facts we demand, they, or some of them admit, even to the very miracles themselves, which they ascribed to magic. Meantime, the miracles need no testimony—they can be demonstrated independently of it.

In short, it is the most striking peculiarity of all the cotemporary testimony—that it does not contradict the great leading facts of the Christian account. Thus there is in the way of testimony:

1. That of the Christian writers.
2. That of the Jewish opponents.
3. That of the heathen opponents.

Somewhere or other most of the great facts are admitted: only the several parties differ *as to the interpretation of them.* Nothing then can shake their certainty or disconnect them from genuine and orthodox history. The birth, the mode of life, the death of Jesus Christ are just as undeniable as that we have still among us a Christism and a Holy Land. Respecting the New Testament *as a mere document,* it is confidently averred by scholars, the best acquainted with the writings of the era, that if it were now lost as a continuous composition out of the world, every syllable of it could be recovered from quotations made out of it by writers of the first three centuries after Christ.

4. The faultless consistency of the Book throughout, although from so many pens, through so many ages, under such diverse circumstances, and on the most difficult of all subjects. This is another of the remarkable features of the book. The subject is the character and designs of God; a subject from which every several philosopher extracts diverse and even opposite conclusions. But here, we find a whole train of writers announcing precisely the same doctrines throughout many centuries. They are men of the most opposite habits of life, and modes of thought; of the most different dispositions and stations in society: the legislator, the warrior, the farmer, the herdsman; the priest, and the tax-gatherer; the physician and the fisherman; the crowned king upon his throne, surrounded by grandeur and lapped in voluptuousness; the captive galled with a Roman chain, and frowned on by all the power of the seven-hilled city. This is a most notable peculiarity. Say even that speaking freely they were men of the same nation: that will not account for it. When was it observed that identical nationality secured a consentaneous ethics? Where can you even find ten leading divines through ten successive centuries who, *with* the Bible for their common standard, perfectly agreed in their theology? But here are many more than ten, through many more centuries, and *without* a standard, minutely harmonious in their teachings. I confess that to me the phenomenon betokens an invisible prompter; a God and an inspiration.

5. But more especially so when I come to observe the surprising predictions these persons uttered from time to time: and how (their incredibility when uttered, notwithstanding,) those surprising predictions all came to pass. They foretold, that ONE should come, the desire of all nations, the deliverer of captives; meek and humble, and yet illustrious, a mighty potentate, yet executed as a malefactor. Strange paradox! Yet it came to pass. Nor can the most obstinate skepticism deny the prediction; nor can the most perverse sophistry contradict the fulfillment. There are the writings of the Roman philosophers and poets just previously to prove that the expectation of such an One not only existed in Judea, where it was first promulgated, but that it had spread throughout all the East, and there are the records of two several Roman functionaries to prove that such an One was put to death by decree of Pontius Pilate. Prophecy foretold the *dispersion of the Jews, the ruin of their city* and temple, the subversion of their worship; and the contempt and bondage in which the nation should be held for ages subsequently in all countries whither their weary feet should wander. It has come to pass. The traveller can tell how he meets this man without a country in every division of the globe; but finds him awaiting and foreknowing a day when his dreary doom shall end. Ask the wanderer how he knows that any such day shall come; and—*instantly he points you to these prophecies.* But why this faith of his? Oh! these mysterious records have already pronounced the doom of Babylon, of Egypt, of Tyre, of Nineveh. And it came to pass. The same august oracle which foretold his doom, has also foreshown its eventual cessation. Rightly and rationally enough he argues that the first part of the decree having been fulfilled, so also will be the last. How improbable, at the time they were uttered, the prophecies that Christ's doctrine should be preached to all nations: that it should be a household word in the farthest isles of the most boisterous seas. But it has come to pass. It was affirmed, only a few poor men and women in despised, isolated Jerusalem listening, that the little grain of mustard seed should become a great tree. It has come to pass. It was foretold that fearful heresies were first to creep in, vexing the church, persecutions were to arise, and brother was to deliver up brother to death. It has all come to pass. There is no class of documents in the world of which the genuineness is better established than the prophecies; and their fulfillment is half the text of the historian. For centuries before their fulfillment they have always been in the hands of rival nations and sects, each jealously watching the other, and preventing alterations and forgeries. And of course it was a part of the Divine plan that they should be so. No one is properly informed on this subject who has not read the most learned and extensive treatise of Newton.* No one who has will fear to be called a fanatic for believing the inspiration of the Bible. In this instance it is not he who believes that is a fanatic; but he who disbelieves. Had Thales and Pythagoras, Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Lucretius left behind them some like testimony of their insight into the fates of nations, no one contradicting the others, but all contributing a harmonious and coherent vaticination, I could then have half believed that there was no diversity between them and the Hebrew prophets. But had they also propounded one common, unvarying, sublime theology, I could then have wholly believed that the Jewish Seers of Israel had exhibited no superiority. But the case being as it is, I suffer an enforced belief when I rate the prophets as being just as far above the philosophers as the heavens are high above the earth. The one did only what I myself can do at any time by the exercise of my natural powers. But the others did what no man can do except by force of an afflatus from the Divinity. No man can know what God means to do in times to come but God Himself, and he whom God instructs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Newton on the Prophecies.

AN IDEAL.

While the gray mists of early dawn
Were lingering round the hill,
And the dew was still upon the flowers,
And the earth lay calm and still,
A winged Spirit came to me,
Noble, and radiant, and free.

Folding his blue and shining wings,
He laid his hand on mine.
I know not if I felt, or heard
The mystic word divine,
Which woke the trembling air to sighs,
And shone from out his starry eyes.

The word he spoke, within my heart
Stirred life unknown before,
And cast a spell upon my soul
To chain it evermore;
Making the cold dull earth look bright,
And skies flame out in sapphire light.

When noon reeled from the heavens, and man
Through busy day toiled on,
My Spirit drooped his shining wings;
His radiant smile was gone;
His voice had ceased, his grace had flown,
His hand grew cold within my own.

Bitter, oh, bitter tears, I wept,
Yet still I held his hand,
Hoping with vague unreasoning hope:
I would not understand
That this pale Spirit never more
Could be what he had been before.

Could it be so? My heart stood still.
Yet he was by my side.
I strove; but my despair was vain;
Vain, too, was love and pride.
Could he have changed to me so soon?
My day was only at its noon.

Now stars are rising one by one,
And evening shades are here;
Near me a household spirit waits,
With tender loving care;
He speaks and smiles, but never sings,
Long since he lost his shining wings.

With thankful true content, I know
This is the better way.
Is not a faithful spirit mine—
Mine still—at close of day?
Yet will my foolish heart repine
For that bright morning dream of mine.

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

"My dear madam," said he, in his most affected manner, "you are a prodigiously kind and obliging helpmate, to provide your *cara sposa* with so charming a *locum tenens* when you are confined to your apartments. I found my friend here with the prettiest young creature for a companion! and then so loving she was!"

"Loving!" said I, involuntarily.

"Oh, yes. Allow me to give you an idea of her."

Immediately, to the great annoyance of my husband, with all his powers of mimicry, he exhibited the manner and look of Charlotte Jermyn, when looking up in Seymour's face and leaning against his arm, as I had myself seen her do.

"Is not that like her?"

"Very," replied I, forcing a laugh.

"Now, shall I mimic your husband, and show you how *he* looked in return? Shall I paint the bashful but delighted consciousness which his look expressed—the stolen glance, the—"

"Hush, hush!" cried Pendarves, anger struggling with confusion. "This is fancy-painting, and I like nothing but portraits."

During this time, I observed a struggle in my mother's breast, and I sat in terror lest she should say something severe to the noble mimic, and make matters worse.

But after this evident struggle, which I alone observed, she leaned her arms on the table, and fixed her powerful eyes steadfastly on Lord Charles, looking at him as if she would have dived into the inmost recesses of his heart.

It was in vain that he endeavored to escape their searching glance; even his assurance felt abashed, and his malignant spirit awed, till his audacious and ill-intentioned banter was looked into silence, and he asked for another bumper of claret to drink my health. I was before overpowered with gratitude to the judicious yet quiet interference of this admirable parent, and the recollection of our morning's conversation was still present to me. No wonder, therefore, that my spirits were easily affected, and that I felt my eyes fill with tears.

At this moment I luckily heard my child cry; and faltering out, "Hark! that was my child's voice," I hastened to the door; but unfortunately the pocket-hole of my muslin gown caught in the arm of my mother's chair, and Lord Charles insisted on extricating me.

I could now no longer prevent the tears from flowing down my cheeks; which being perceived by him, he said, in a sort of under tone,—

"Amiable sensibility! There I see a mother's feelings!"

On which my mother, provoked beyond endurance, said, in a low voice, but I overheard it,—

"My lord, my daughter has a WIFE'S FEELINGS also."

I was now disengaged happily, and I ran out of the room.

When I arrived in the nursery, I found I was not wanted. I therefore retired to my own apartment, where I gave way to a violent burst of tears. I had scarcely recovered myself, and had bathed my eyes again and again in rose-water, when my husband entered the room.

He had witnessed my emotion, and he could not be easy without coming to inquire after me, on pretence that the child's cry had alarmed Him.

This affectionate attention was not lost upon me, and I went down stairs with him with restored spirits and perfect composure.

My mother, who had walked to her own house, was only just entering the door as we appeared; therefore, Lord Charles had been left alone; and whether he thought this an affront to his dignity or not, I cannot tell: but we did not find him in a more amiable mood than we left him.

After looking at me very earnestly, while sipping his coffee, he came close up to me, and said, resuming his most affected tone, "Pray, what eye-water do you use?"

"Rose-water, only," was my reply.

"Very bad, 'pon honor; I must send you some of mine, as you are a person of exquisite sensibility, and I fancy it is likely to be tried. Upon my word, it took me a week to compose it; and as I occasionally read novels, and the *Tete-a-tete Magazine*, (which is, you know, exceedingly *affecting*,) I use it continually in order to preserve the lustre of my eyes; and you see that in spite of my acute feelings they retain all their pristine brilliancy."

As he said this, neither Pendarves nor myself, though provoked at his noticing my swelled eyes, could retain our gravity; for the eyes, which he thus opened to their utmost extent, were of that description known by the name of boiled gooseberries, and were really dead eyes, except when the rays of satirical intelligence forced themselves through them; for the sake of exciting a laugh, he had now dismissed from them every trace of meaning, and consequently every tint of color.

His purpose effected, he resumed his sarcastic expression; and turning from me with a look full of sarcastic meaning, he said,—"Ah! *comme de coutume*—after tragedy comes *farce*."

My mother now asked him whether he had ever seen her house and garden; and on his answering in the negative, she challenged him to take a walk with her.

"I never," replied he, bowing very low, "refused the challenge of a fine woman in my life; and till my horses come round, I am at your service, madam." Then, hiding his real chagrin under a thousand impertinent grimaces, he followed my mother.

"I would give something to hear their conversation," said Pendarves, thoughtfully.

"And so would I: no doubt it will be monitory on her part."

"Monitory! What for!"

"If you do not know, I am sure I shall not tell you."

And with an expression of conscious embarrassment on his countenance, my husband asked me to walk with him round the shrubbery.

My mother and Lord Charles did not return till the carriage was driving up. We examined their countenances with a very scrutinizing eye: but on my mother's all we could distinguish was her usual expression of placid and dignified intelligence; that of Lord Charles exhibited its usual *coltish* and alarming look.

What had passed, therefore, we could not guess; but we saw very clearly, that we should not be justified in joking on the subject of their *tete-a-tete;* and simply saying that it was beyond the time fixed for his departure, Lord Charles now respectfully kissed my hand, and told Pendarves he hoped he should soon see him in London. He then left the room without taking the smallest notice of my mother, and was driving off before my husband could ask him a reason of conduct so strange.

"Pray, madam," said Pendarves, when he returned into the room, "did Lord Charles take leave of you?"

"*He did not.*"

"Then I solemnly declare that before we ever meet again he shall give me a sufficient reason for his impertinence, or apologise to you; for there lives not the being who shall dare, while I live, to affront you with impunity!"

"My dear, dear son," cried my mother, "look not so like, so very like—"

Here her voice failed her, and she leaned on Seymour's shoulder, while he affectionately embraced her. Dear to my heart were any tokens of love which passed between my mother and my husband.

Seymour's strong likeness to my father, in moments of great excitement, always affected her thus, and endeared him to her.

When my mother recovered herself, she desired Pendarves would remain quiet, and not trouble himself to revenge her quarrels.

"Indeed," said she, "I am much flattered, and not affronted, by the rudeness of Lord Charles, as it proves that what I said to him gave him the pain which I intended. The wound, therefore, will rankle for some time, and produce a good effect. Nor should I be surprised if he were to send me a letter of apology in a day or two: for, if I read him aright, he has understanding enough to value the good opinion of a respectable woman, and would rather be on amiable terms with me than not."

"I hope you are right," replied Pendarves, "for I do not wish to quarrel with him; yet I will never own as my friend the man who fails in respect to you."

"I thank you, my dear son," said my mother, with great feeling, and the evening passed in the most delightful and intimate communion: nor, I really believe, were Charlotte Jermyn or Lord Charles again remembered; so true is it, that when the tide of family affection runs smooth and unbroken, it bears the bark of happiness securely on its bosom.

Shortly after Lord Charles's visit, I was so unwell, that I was forbidden to nurse my child any longer, and I had to endure the painful trial of weaning and surrendering her to the bosom of another. But most evils in this life, even to our mortal vision, are attended with a counterbalancing good.

At this time, it was the height of the gay season in London, and I saw that my husband began to grow tired of home, and sigh for the busy scenes of the metropolis, whither, had I been still a nurse, I could not have accompanied him; but now, however unwilling I might be to leave my infant, I felt that it must not interfere with the duty which I owed its father; for my mother had often said, and my own observation confirmed the truth of the saying, that alienation between husband and wife has often originated in the woman's losing sight of the duty and attention she owes the father of the children, in exclusive fondness and attention to the children themselves—and she often warned me against falling into this error.

She therefore highly approved my intention to leave my babe under her care, and accompany Pendarves to London, where she well knew he was exposed to temptations and to dangers against which my presence might probably secure him.

"Yes, my child," said she, as if thinking aloud—for I am sure she did not intend to grieve me—"yes, go with your husband while you can, and have as few separate pleasures and divided hours as possible: for they lead to *divided hearts*. But if you have a large family, you will not be able to leave home. Go, therefore, while you can, and while I am with you, and turn me to account while I am still here to serve you. That time, I know, will be short enough."

It is not in the power of language to convey an adequate idea of the agony with which I listened to these words. Never before had my mother so pointedly alluded to her conviction that her health was decaying: and if the idea of separation from her by a happy marriage was so painful to my feelings, what must be the idea of that terrible and eternal separation?

Pendarves came in the midst of my distress, and almost fiercely demanded who had been so cruelly afflicting me—fearing, no doubt, that I had heard something concerning him, and naturally enough conceiving that no great grief could reach me, except through that, or from him.

My mother gently replied, "She has been afflicting herself, foolish child! I said, unwillingly, I allow, what might have prepared her for an unavoidable evil; but she chooses to fancy, poor thing! that I am not mortal: yet, see *here*, Seymour!" As she said this, she turned up her long, loose sleeves, and showed him her once firm arm fallen away comparatively to nothing!

I never saw my husband much more affected; he seized that faded arm, and pressed it repeatedly to his lips, turned away, and burst into tears; then, folding us both in one embrace, he faltered out, "My poor Helen! well indeed might I find you thus!" But my mother solemnly promised that she would never so afflict me again.

In the midst of this scene, a letter was brought to my mother; it was from Lord Charles, and was so like the man, that I shall transcribe it.

"Madam—I doubt not but you were amazed, and probably offended at my quitting the house of your son in-law without taking my leave of you, as you are not a woman likely to think my silence at the moment of parting from you was to be attributed to the tender passion which I had conceived for your beauty and accomplishments. But, madam, if my silence was not attributable to love, so neither was it caused by hate: and I beg leave, hat in hand, and on bended knee, to explain whence my conduct proceeded. In the first place, madam, you had given me a blow—a *stunning* blow; and after a man has been *stunned*, he does not soon recover himself sufficiently to know what he is about, and how he ought to behave. In the next place, I endeavored to remember how the great Earl of Essex behaved when Queen Elizabeth gave him a blow, or, in other words, a box on the ear—*for blow* I need not tell a lady of your erudition is the *genus*, and box on the ear the *species*. Now, that noble earl did not return the blow, (which, I own, I was very much inclined to do,) but he departed in silence from her presence, I believe; and so did *I*, in imitation of *him*, from *yours*. Methinks I hear you exclaim, 'The little lord is mad—I gave him no blow!' Not with your hand, I own but with your tongue, that 'unruly member,' as St. James so justly calls it: you gave me a tingling blow on the cheek of my mind, which it still feels, and for which, perhaps, it may be the better. It is this consideration, and the belief that your motives were kind, though your treatment was rough, and that you only meant, like the bear in the fable, to guard me from a slight evil, though you broke my head in doing it; it is this belief, I say, that now throws me thus a suppliant at your feet, and makes me beg of you to excuse all my rudeness, and all my faults, whether caused by imitation of Lord Essex, or my own sinful propensities, and to raise me up to receive, not the kiss of peace—for to that I dare not aspire—but to grasp and carry to my heart the white hand tendered to me in token of forgiveness.

"I am, madam, with the liveliest esteem and the deepest respect, your obliged, though stricken servant, CHARLES FIREBRAND."

"Ridiculous person!" said my mother, when she had finished the letter, giving it to me at the same time.

When I had read it, I asked her to tell me what she had said to him. "And why," said Pendarves, "does he sign himself Charles Firebrand?"

"Oh! thereby hangs a tale," said my mother blushing, "which I, I assure you, shall not tell: therefore, ask me no questions. If ever Lord Charles and I meet again, the white hand shall be tendered to him: nay, perhaps I shall answer his letter."

And so she did, but we never saw what she wrote; however, I am convinced that she had called him a firebrand, and reproved him for his evident desire of making mischief between my husband and me. Nor can I doubt that the justice of her reproofs made them more stinging to the heart of the offender; and that he felt at the time a degree of unspeakable and unutterable resentment, on which his cooler judgment made him feel it impolitic to act; for he had, as my mother said, too much good sense not to value her acquaintance.

I must now return to Charlotte Jermyn. I forgot to say that she wrote a very fawning letter of thanks to me after her return home, thanking me for my kindness to her, and hoping that I would send for her again when ever she could be of any service to me. I have reason to think that she also wrote more than once to my husband: but he never communicated what she wrote to me; and I had the mortification to find how vainly I had tried to give him those habits of openness and ingenuousness which can *alone* render the nearest and tenderest ties productive of confidence and happiness.

Now, after a silence of four months, she again wrote to me, to inform me that she was married to a young ensign in a marching regiment quartered near her father's house; but as it was against her father's consent, she had been forced to go to Gretna Green—and that her father, Mr. Jermyn, continued inexorable.

This letter I communicated to my husband, who was, I found, already acquainted with the circumstance, though he did not tell me by what means he knew it. He also told me that her father had since assured her of his forgiveness; but told her, at the same time, that he could bestow on her nothing else, as he had ten children, and a small income; and that the young couple had nothing to live upon except the pay of an ensign of foot.

"I am sure *I* can do nothing for her," Pendarves added, "for my own wants—or rather, my expenses—are beyond my means."

"And were they not," answered I, "I do not feel that Charlotte Jermyn—or, rather, Mrs. Saunders—*has any claims* on you."

"Still, I would not let her starve, if I could *help* it; but I *cannot*."

I did not like to ask whether she had applied to him to lend her money; but I suspected that she had, and that he had refused; for soon after I saw him receive a letter, which he read with an angry and flushed countenance, and thrust into the fire, muttering as he did so—

"Confounded fool—insolent!"

I felt, however, that her visit to me, and the terms which we had been upon, made it indispensable for me to give her a wedding gift, and I sent her money instead of a present, in consideration of her poverty, desiring her to buy what she wanted most in remembrance of me. My letter and its contents, much to the annoyance of us both, she answered in person, bringing her husband with her; and they came with so evident an intention of staying all night, spite of the coldness of their reception, that we were forced to offer them a bed.

The next day, however, even their assurance was not proof against the repelling power of our cold civility; and they departed, neither of us prejudiced in favor of the husband, and leaving me disgusted by the wife's forward behaviour to Pendarves.

I now, according to my mother's advice, proposed to Pendarves a visit to London; but, to my great surprise, he seemed to have no relish for the scheme, and telling me we would talk further about it, he dropped the subject.

Most gladly should I have welcomed this unwillingness to go to London, if I could have attributed it to a preference for home and for the country: but I had no reason to do this, and I feared it proceeded only from inability to meet the expenses of a London establishment, even for a few weeks; and of this I was soon convinced.

I have already told you that I was so cruel as to rejoice in my aunt's being rendered unable to write, by a violent inflammation in the eyes; but as that did not deprive her of locomotion, most unexpectedly one day, Mr. and Mrs. Pendarves drove up to my mother's door, and soon after she accompanied them to our house. I was dressing when they arrived, and I saw myself change even to alarming paleness when my mother came up to announce them. I also saw that she was as much disconcerted as I was.

"Oh! if my dear uncle had but come *alone*," said she, "the visit would have been delightful." But here we were interrupted by Pendarves, who came in with, "So Helen, I suppose you know who is come. Oh! that one could but transfer the disease from the eyes to the tongue, and bandage that up instead of the former! What shall we do? for, probably, as she can't use her eyes she makes her tongue work double tide."

"Suppose," replied I, "we bribe our surgeon to assure her that entire silence is the only cure for inflamed eyes."

"The best thing we can do," observed my mother, "is to bear with fortitude this unavoidable evil; and also to try to remember her virtues more than her faults."

When I went down, I found my mother admiring her beaver-hat and feathers.

"Yes," she replied, "I think my beaver very pretty. What is it the mad poet says about 'my beaver!' Oh! I have it—

"'When glory, like a plume of feathers, stood
Perched on my beaver in the briny flood.'"

"Do you, then, bathe in the sea with your beaver on?" said my mother.

"Well, there's a question for a sensible woman!" cried my aunt, not seeing the sarcasm; then, turning to me, she welcomed me with a cordial kiss: but I was struck by the great coolness with which she greeted Seymour.

My uncle, however, received us both with the kindest manner possible.

But I forgave all her oddness, when she saw my child—for praise of her child always finds its way to a mother's heart; and she was in raptures with its beauty. She pitied me, too, for being forced to give her up to a nurse: but she added,—"I hope she is not, to use the words of the bard, a

"'Stern, rugged nurse, with rigid lore,
Our patience many a year to bore.'"

Then, renewing her caresses and her praises, she banished from my remembrance for a while all but her affectionate heart.

At dinner, however, she restored to me my fears of her, and my dislike to her visit; for she called my husband Mr. Seymour Pendarves at every word, though my mother she called Julia, and me Helen—wishing, as I saw, to point out to every one that *he* was not in her good graces. But why? Alas! I doubted not but I should hear too soon; and, feeling myself a coward, I carefully avoided being alone with her that evening.

What she had to to tell I knew not, and whether it regarded Charlotte Jermyn or Lady Bell; but I summoned up resolution to ask Pendarves whether he had ever visited Lady Bell Singleton in company with Lord Charles; and without hesitation, though with great confusion, he owned that he had.

"What! more than once?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not tell me of it."

"Because I thought, after what you had heard, it might make you uneasy."

"Should you ever do," I replied, forcing a smile, "what, in our relative situation, it would make me uneasy to be informed of!"

"Not if your uneasiness would be at all well founded."

"But concealment implies consciousness of something indiscreet, if not wrong; and had you told me yourself of your visits to Lady Bell, I could have set Mrs. Pendarves and her insinuations at defiance."

"And can you not now?"

"Perhaps so; but no thanks to your ingenuousness. However, I must own," said I, smiling affectionately, "that no one answers questions more readily."

I had judged rightly in preparing myself for my encounter with Mrs. Pendarves, as she took the first opportunity of telling me how much she pitied me; for she had heard of the affair with the young lady who came to nurse me in my lying-in, which was of a piece with the renewal of intercourse with Lady Bell Singleton.

"But I assure you," she added, "his uncle means to tell him a piece of his mind; and if he does not, *I will*."

On hearing this, I thought proper to laugh as well as I could, which perfectly astonished my aunt, as I knew it would do, and she demanded a reason of my ill-timed mirth. I told her that I had laughed at her mountain's having brought forth a *mouse*: for that the *affair* with the young lady ended in her marrying a young ensign, soon after she left us, for love, and that I had given her a wedding-present: and that I knew from Seymour himself that he visited Lady Bell Singleton: I therefore begged she would keep her pity, and my uncle his advice, for those who required them.

My mother entered the room at this moment, and I had great pleasure in repeating to her what had passed: for I was glad to impress her with the idea that my husband confided in me. I saw that I had succeeded.

"Mrs. Pendarves," said she, gravely, "I am sorry to find you are one of those who act the part of an enemy, while fancying you are performing that of a friend. What good could you do my daughter, by telling her of her husband's errors, had the charge been a true one? Answer me that. Surely, where 'ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"

"But she could not be ignorant long—she must know it some time or other; and it was better she should hear it *from* a sympathizing and affectionate friend like me. However, I did not mean to be officious and troublesome, and I am glad Mr. Seymour Pendarves is better than I supposed he was."

"Madam," replied my mother, "Seymour, like other persons, is better—much better than a gossiping world is willing to allow any one to be. And it is hard, indeed, that a man's own relations should implicitly believe and propagate what they hear against him. Take *my advice*, my dear little aunt; and always inquire before you condemn; which advice is your due, in return for the large store of that commodity which you are so willing to bestow on other people."

My aunt was silent a moment, as if considering whether in what was said there was most of compliment or most of reproof. Be that as it might, she was too politic not to choose to believe there was much of compliment implied in the mention made of her willingness to bestow advice. She therefore looked pleased, declared her pleasure at finding all was well, and that she found even the best authority was not always to be depended upon. At dinner that day—to show, I conclude, that Seymour was restored to her favor—she asked him to pay her a visit at their house in town; but on my saying that I expected she would include me in the invitation, as I wished to go to London, she turned round with great quickness, and exclaimed,

"What! and leave your sweet babe?"

The censure which this abrupt question conveyed, gave a sort of shock to my feelings, and I could not answer her; but my mother instantly replied,

"My daughter's health requires a little change of scene, and surely she can venture to entrust her infant to *my* care."

"Oh, yes; but how can she *bear* to leave it?"

"The trial will be great, I own," said I; "but I am not yet so *very* a mother as to forget I am a *wife;* and as I must either leave my child or give up accompanying my husband, of the two evils I prefer the first."

"Oh! true, true—I never thought of that," was her sage reply; "and you are right, my dear, quite right, as husbands are, to go to take care of yours: and I advise you to keep a sharp look out—for there are hawks abroad."

"Hawks!" said my uncle, smiling—"turtle doves, more likely: and they are the more dangerous birds of the two."

This observation gave Pendarves time to recover the confusion his aunt's speech had occasioned him, and he told me he was much amused to see that I had positively arranged a journey to London for him and for myself, without his having ever expressed an intention of going at all.

"But I knew you wished to go, and I thought it was your kind reluctance to ask me to leave my child which alone prevented your expressing your wishes."

"Indeed, Helen, you are right: *I* never *should* have thought of asking you to leave your child: and I own I am flattered to find I am still dearer to you than she is: therefore, if my uncle and aunt will be troubled with us, I shall be very happy to visit London as their guest."

"Is it possible," cried I, "you can think of going anywhere but to a lodging?"

"Is it possible," cried Mrs. Pendarves, "that you can prefer a lodging to being the guest of your uncle and aunt?"

"To being the guest even of a father and mother: for when one has much to see in a little time, there is nothing like the liberty and convenience of a lodging."

"Well, well, Helen," said Pendarves, rather impatiently, "that may be; but *this year*, if you please, we will go to Stratford Place."

I said no more, and it was settled that we should follow my uncle and aunt to town, and take up our residence with them. But the next day my mother, who thought the plan as foolish and disagreeable as I did, desired me to find out, if I could, why my husband consented to be the guest of a woman whose society was so offensive to him: "And *if*," said she, "it is because he cannot afford to take lodgings, you may tell him, that I have both means and inclination to answer all the necessary demands, and moreover I have a legacy of £2,000 untouched, which I have always meant to give you, Helen, on the birth of your first child; and that also is at your service."

I shall pass over my feelings on this occasion, and my expression of them. Suffice that my husband owned his "poverty, and *not his will, consented*" to his acceptance of our relation's offer; and that he thankfully received my mother's bounty. The legacy, however, he resolved to secure to me, as my own property, and so tied up that he could not touch it. We found, however, that we must spend part of our time with my uncle and aunt; but at the end of ten days we removed to lodgings near them.

I was soon sensible of the difference between the present time in London and the past. I found that Pendarves, though his manner was as kind as ever, used to accept in succession, engagements in which I had no share; and if it had not been for the society of Mr. and Mrs. Ridley, and my uncle and aunt, I should have been much alone; and have pined after my child and mother even more than I did. Still ardently indeed did I long to return home; and had I not believed I was at the post of duty, I should have urged my husband to let me go home without him.

Lord Charles was frequently with us, and, had I chosen it, would have been my escort everywhere; but I still distrusted him; and I suspect that it was in revenge he so often procured Pendarves dinner invitations, from which he rarely returned till daylight; and once he was evidently in such low spirits, that I was sure he had been at play, and had lost everything.

We had now been several weeks in London, and I grew very uneasy at my prolonged separation from my child, and at my mother's evidently declining health—besides having reasons to think that my husband would have enjoyed London more without me; for Lord Charles took care to tell me often, that had *I* not been with him, Pendarves would have done this, and would have gone thither; always adding, "So you see what a tame domestic animal you have made of him, and what a tractable obedient husband he is." There is perhaps nothing more insidious and pernicious, than to tell a proud man that he is governed by a wife, or a mistress, provided he has great conscious weakness of character; and Lord Charles knew that was the case with Pendarves. And I am very sure that he accepted many invitations which he would otherwise have declined, because his insidious friend reproached him with being *afraid of me*.

Ranelagh was still the fashion, and my husband had still a pride in showing me in its circles: but even there I was sensible of a change. He now was not unwilling to resign the care of me to other men, while he went to pay his compliments to dashing women of fashion, and give them the arm once exclusively mine. Still, these *occasional neglects were* too trifling to excite my fears or my jealousy, and I expected, when we returned to our country home, that it would be with unclouded prospects. But while I dreamt of perpetual sunshine, the storm was gathering which was to cloud my hours in sorrow.

I had vainly expected a letter from my mother for two days,—and she usually wrote every day,—a circumstance which had depressed my spirits in a very unusual manner; and I was consequently little prepared to bear with fortitude the abrupt entrance of my husband in a state of great agitation: but pale and trembling I awaited the painful communication which I saw he was about to make.

"Helen!" cried he, "if you will not, or cannot assist me, I am liable to be arrested every moment."

"Arrested! What for?" cried I, relieved beyond measure at hearing it was a distress which *money* could remove.

"Ay, Helen, dearest creature! There is the pang—for a debt so weakly contracted!"

"Oh! a gaming debt to Lord Charles, I suppose?"

"No, no, would it were!—though I own that that way also I have been very culpable."

"Keep me no longer in suspense, I conjure you."

"Why, you know what a rash marriage that silly girl, Charlotte Jermyn, made."

"Go on."

"Well—her husband was forced to sell his commission to pay his debts; but that was not sufficient; and to save him from a jail, I had the folly to be bound for him in no less a sum than several hundreds."

"But who asked you? Are they in London?"

"They were."

"And you saw them?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not tell me they were here?"

"Because they were persons with whom I did not choose my wife to associate."

"Were they fit associates for you then?" was on my tongue, but I suppressed it; for mistaken indeed is the wife who thinks reproach can ever do aught but alienate the object of it.

"But do you often visit them? and what made them presume to apply to you?"

"Necessity. She wrote to me again and again, and she waylaid me too—what could I do? I was never proof against a woman's tears, and I was bound for him."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, the rascal is gone off, and left his wife without a farthing, to maintain herself as she can."

"Is she in London?" cried I, turning very faint.

"No, at Dover; but, as soon as it is known that he is off, I expect to be arrested for the money; and for me to raise it is impossible; but you, Helen—"

"Yes, yes—I understand you," I replied, speaking with great difficulty: "the legacy—I will drive instantly to the banker's—and take it *all*, if you wish."

Here my voice, and even my eyesight totally failed me, and almost my intellects; but I neither fell nor *fainted*. Miserable suspicions and certain anxiety came over me, and in one

moment life seemed converted into a dreary void. My situation alarmed Pendarves almost to frenzy. He rang for the servants, sent for the nearest surgeon, without my being able to oppose anything he ordered—for I could not speak:—and I was carried to my room, and even bled, before I had the power of uttering a word.

"The lady has undergone a violent shock," said the surgeon; and the conscience-stricken Seymour ran out of the room in agony too mighty for expression.

I was now forced to swallow some strong nervous medicine; and at length, feeling myself able to speak again, I ejaculated, "Thank God!" and fell into a passion of tears, which considerably relieved me.

My kind but officious maid had, meanwhile, sent for Mrs. Pendarves, who eagerly demanded the original cause of my seizure.

"Dearest Helen, do you tell your aunt," said Seymour, "how it was."

"I had been fretting for two days," I replied, "on account of my mother's silence; and while I was talking to Seymour, this violent hysterical seizure came over me. Indeed, I had experienced all the morning, my love, *previous to your coming in*, a most unusual depression." This statement, though true, was, I own, deceptive; but I could not tell all the truth without exposing my husband. Oh! how fondly did his eyes thank me! My aunt was satisfied: she insisted on sitting by my bedside while I slept:—for an anodyne was given me,—and I consented to receive her offered kindness. Nay, I must own that, in the conscious desolation of my heart at that moment, I felt strangely soothed by expressions of kindness, and was covetous of those endearments from her, which before I had wished to avoid. But my hand now returned and courted the affectionate pressure of hers; and I seemed to cling to her as a friend who, if she knew all, would have sorrowed over me like a mother; and while sleep was consciously stealing over me, I was pleased to know that she was watching beside my pillow.

I had forbidden Pendarves to come near me, because the sight of his distress prevented my recovery, and perfect quiet was enjoined.

But, when I was asleep, he would not be kept from my bedside; and he betrayed so much deep feeling, and exhibited so much affection for me, that when I woke, and desired to rise and dress, as I was quite recovered, my aunt was lavish in his praise, and declared she was now convinced he was the best of husbands.

Pendarves would fain have stayed at home with me that day; but I insisted on his going out, as I thought it would be better for us both; and I told him, with truth, that I preferred his aunt's company to his. Our next meeting alone was truly painful; for we could neither of us advert to my excessive emotion. He could not explain away its cause, nor could I name it: but he, though silent, was affectionate and attentive, and I tried to force my too-busy fancy to dwell only on what I knew and saw, and not to fly off to sources of disquiet, which, spite of appearances, *might really not exist.*

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we drove to the banker's, resumed the whole of the deposit, and I insisted that Pendarves should accept it all. This he was very unwilling to do—but I was firm, and my mind was tranquillized by his consenting at last to my desire. Yet I *think* I was not foolish enough to suppose I could buy his constancy.

One thing which I said to him *I* instantly repented. I asked him whether Mrs. Saunders was likely to remove to London. He said, he did not know: "But if she does, what then? Oh, Helen! can you suppose I will ever see her *now*?" he added.

"And why *not*? thought I, when he quitted me—"If it was ever proper to see her, why not *now*? And why should I seem to be accusing him, by appearing solicitous to know whether he would see her or not?"

Alas! his reply only served to make me more wretched; but, fortunately I may say, my mother's continued silence made a sort of diversion to my thoughts, and substituted tender for bitter anxiety.

That very day the demand was made on my husband by the creditor of Saunders, and while he was gone out with this man on business, in bustled my kind, but mischievous aunt.

"How are you to-day," said she, "my poor child? but I see how you are—sitting like patience on a monument, smiling with grief!"

"With grief! dear aunt?"

"Yes: for do you think I do not know all? Oh, the wicked man!"

"Whom, madam, do you call wicked?"

"Your husband, child: has he not been keeping up an acquaintance with that girl who married? and has he not been bound for her husband? and is not the man run away, and he liable to be arrested for the debt? and where he can get the money to pay it I can't guess—I am sure *my* Pendarves will not pay it. Nay, *I* know 'tis all, all true—my maid, I find, met him walking in the park with her, and the creditor is *my maid's brother*."

Here she paused, exhausted with her own vehemence; and I replied, "I am sorry, madam, that you listen to tales told you by your servant: I am also sorry that a transaction, which, though rash, was kind, is known to more persons than my husband and me. I know, as well as you, that Pendarves visited at Mrs. Saunders's lodgings, and he was very likely seen in the park with her. To the money transaction I am also privy, and I assure you my Mr. Pendarves need not apply to yours on this, or, I trust, on any occasion; for the creditor has been here, and he is paid by this time."

"Then he must have borrowed the money, for I know he has lost a great deal lately."

"Mrs. Pendarves," said I, rising with great agitation, "I will not allow you to speak thus of the husband whom I love and honor. I tell you, that he has paid the creditor with his *own* money; and if you persist in a conversation so offensive to me, I will quit the room."

"How! this to *me*? Do you consider who I am—and our relationship?"

"You are the wife of my great-uncle, madam, *no more*; and were you even *my mother*, I would not sit and listen tamely to aspersions of my husband, and I must desire that our conversation on this subject may end here."

I believe there is nothing more formidable while it lasts, than the violence of those who are habitually mild—because surprise throws the persons who are attacked off their guard; and it also magnifies to them the degree of violence used.

The poor little woman was not only awed into silence, but affected unto tears; and I was really obliged to soothe her into calmness, declaring that I was sure she meant well, and that I had never doubted the goodness of her heart.

The next day brought the long-expected letter from my mother; and its contents made all that I had yet endured light, in comparison; for they alarmed me for the life of my child! She was, however, declared out of danger for the present, when my mother wrote.

It is almost needless to add, that as soon as horses could be procured, Pendarves and I were on the road home.

I must pass rapidly over this part of my narrative. Suffice, that she vacillated between life and death for three months: that then she was better, and my husband left me to join Lord Charles at Tunbridge Wells, whither he had been ordered for his health; that he had not been gone a fortnight, when her worst symptoms returned, and my mother wrote to him as follows:—

"Come instantly, if you wish to see your child alive, and preserve the senses of your wife! When all is over, your presence alone can, I believe, save her from distraction.

"J. P."

He instantly set off for home, and arrived at a moment when I could be alive to the joy of seeing him; for my child had just been pronounced *better!* But *what* a betterness! For six weeks longer, watched by us all day and all night with never-failing love, it lingered on and on, endeared to us every day the more, in proportion as it became more helpless, and we more void of hope, till I was doomed to see its last faint breath expire, and—no more on this subject—

* * * * * * * * * *

I believe my mother was right; I believe that dearly as I loved her, her presence *alone* would not have kept my grief within the bounds of reason: but the presence of him whose grief was on a par with mine, of him whom love and duty bade me equally exert myself to console, had indeed a salutary effect on me; and it at length became a source of comfort to reflect, that the object of our united regrets was mercifully removed from a state of severe suffering, and probably from evils to come. But my progress towards recovered tranquillity bore no proportion for Seymour's; for, when I was capable of reflection, I felt that in losing my child I lost one of the strongest holds on the affections of my husband. Consequently, the clearer my mind grew after the clouds of grief dispersed, the more vividly was I sensible of my loss.

I also became conscious that the habitual dejection of my spirits, which was pleasing to Seymour's feelings while his continued in unison with mine, would become distasteful, and make his home disagreeable, as soon as he was recovering his usual cheerfulness. Still, I could not shake it off—and by my mother's advice I urged him to renew his visit to Lord Charles, who was still an invalid.

To Tunbridge Wells he therefore again went, leaving me to indulge unrestrained that pernicious grief which even his presence had not controlled, and also to impair both my health and my person in a degree which it might be difficult ever to restore. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCENE IN A METROPOLITAN RAILROAD CAR.—Yesterday afternoon, as one of the cars of the Metropolitan Railroad rolled along its rails, a lady, extensively bellounced and expansively crinolined, beckoned to the polite conductor as it was passing West street, in order to take passage to the South end. Her robe was in a state of delicious newness; its tissue folds were hardly cold from the *modiste's* last artistic touch, and her attire altogether was gotten up evidently with a reckless regardlessness of expense. The car was only partly filled—one side free from encumbrance. Upon its cushions she sat herself at ease, and thought for her robe's intactness uppermost, and spread its voluminous flounces carefully in their natural amplitude. She cast her eyes at the conductor with an air of composure, *sang froid*, and self-collectedness.

"Conductor," she asked in the blandest of manners and most mellifluous of tones, "how many seats do I occupy?"

Taken by surprise, he glanced from one side to the other of her extended dress, and then at her. The lady's face was serenely interrogative.

"About four, I should think, madam," he said, wondering what would come next."

"Here are twenty cents," she said, dropping the dimes from her lavender kilded fingers into his extended palm. "I do not wish to be disturbed!"

One would have thought the possibility of disturbing such a supreme embodiment of composure rather impossible; but having secured herself from the chance, in spite of stares and whispers, the quadrupled fair pursued her way happily and uncreasedly to her destination. It was a spectacle to admire. We commend her example to all ladies of similar bolloonish dimensions.—*Boston Bee.*

COMET OF 1858.—This remarkable comet, (says the Albany Argus,) is now visible to the naked eye, as predicted by Dr. Gould some weeks ago. It is now one hundred and forty millions of miles distant, and is rapidly approaching the earth, and already shows through a common opera-glass, a well-defined tail. We are told that during the first week in October the comet will be of the most striking brightness, possibly the largest of the century, and at that time will be seen near Arcturus, perhaps even surpassing that brilliant star in splendor. It is now visible for about an hour after sunset, and an hour before sunrise, in a line with the two stars called the pointers, and forming nearly a right angle between these and Arcturus. It is now best seen at four o'clock in the morning. Dr. Gould also suggested in the last number of his Journal, that from the similarity of the elements, it was possible that this comet was identical with the first comet of 1827, and also that of 1764. This fact seems now, from the recent observations, almost certain, affording a reasonable presumption that it is a periodic comet, whose period is about thirty-one years.

In a recent examination of the Staten Island "incendiaries" in New York, Dr. Bissell gave it as his opinion that if a person's hair is washed and combed every day, he is not liable to disease, because cleanliness of the person is always a preventive. If a man were at work all day in the vicinity of the sick, and his hair wet with perspiration, the doctor don't think he would get the disease; but if he let his hair get dirty and matted, he thinks he could not very well escape.

FOREIGN NEWS.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND RUSSIAN SERFS LIBERATED—TERRIBLE POWDER EXPLOSION—AMERICAN TREATY WITH CHINA, &c.

The Persia arrived at New York on the 16th, with dates to the 6th inst.

The papers contain the details of the American Treaty with China. It is to be ratified within a year, and stipulates for the good offices of the United States in case of difficulties arising with other powers. Among other stipulations of the treaty are the following:

A direct correspondence between the American Minister and the Government of Pekin. The right of an annual visit to Pekin, and permanent residences of the Ministers there if accorded to other powers. The suppression of piracy, and the opening of new ports, to include Swatro and Taiman in Formosa. The United States shipping never to pay higher duties than those of the most favored nations. The double tonnage duty abolished. Absolute toleration for Christianity. The Legation of the United States is to be located at present at Canton, but understood that hereafter it will be stationed at Shanghae.

It is reported that Capt. Preedy, of the Agamemnon, and Mr. Bright, the Engineer of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, will be knighted.

A grand banquet was given to the latter by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. It passed off well. Mr. Field was toasted with enthusiasm. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was absent on account of the presence of Cardinal Wiseman.

A mutiny occurred among the colored crew in the ship Conqueror, in the River Mersey, when bound to Mobile. It was suppressed without bloodshed, and the Police put the mutineers in irons.

It is stated that Austria, Prussia and Saxony are endeavoring to persuade Hanover to accept an indemnification of the Stadt dues, but the latter displayed no inclination to accept the offer. It is further stated that the British cabinet had announced its resolve not to pay such onerous dues any longer.

FRANCE.—The functions of the Governor General of Algeria have been suppressed.

General McMahon has been appointed Chief of the land and sea forces.

In consequence of the threats of death to the Christians, made at Tripoli, the French Consul at Beyrout had proceeded there, to insist on measures of precaution.

CHINA.—Great hostility continues to be shown towards the foreign residents at Canton, and the acting British Consul has advised them to be prepared for a sudden departure.

A blockade of the river at Canton had been established, as far as the Chinese boats are concerned, and trade is suspended. All the native merchants, and the greater portion of the foreigners, have left.

A French man-of-war had shelled Shamur, a port in the western suburbs, a Frenchman having been killed.

The U. S. steamer Mississippi was at Hong Kong, the steamers Powhattan and Antelope in the Gulf of Pechelli.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor of Austria has decreed that the National Bank shall resume cash payments on the 1st of November.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor of Russia has emancipated the 200,000 *serfs* belonging to the National domain.

A powder magazine, containing 300,000 lbs. of powder, exploded at Astrakan, on the Caspian Sea, destroying half the town and killing half the inhabitants.

LONDON, Saturday, September 4.—A letter from Damascus says that the Russian Consulate had been assaulted by fanatics, in consequence of which the Consul retired to Beyrout.

Letters from Vienna say that advices from Constantinople inspire fears for the safety of the Christians.

The existence of a conspiracy to dethrone the Sultan is confirmed.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, September 3.—*Since previous advices there has been a decline of* ¼d, *especially in the lower grades of Cotton, the market closing firm but quiet.*

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices are favorable.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The market closed steady.

The Circulars report Pork steady but quiet. Bacon steady. Lard firm but quiet, at 60s 6d@62s. There is a large speculative inquiry for Tallow, and prices have advanced 2s. Butchers' is quoted at 52s@52s 6. The market closed quiet and steady.

Messrs Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular reports:—Flour—Choice brands held firmly, but the market closed quiet.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday.—Cotton—The sales today are estimated at 6000 bales, including 1000 to exporters.

Flour closes firm. Wheat ditto. Corn continues dull. Provisions are quiet.

LONDON, Saturday.—Consols close at 96¼@96¾, both for money and account. American securities are quiet but steady.

MARKETS.—Sugar closes dull. Coffee steady. Tea unchanged. Rice quiet. Tallow and Saltpetre firm.

LONDON MARKETS.—Breadstuffs quiet but steady. Sugar quiet. Coffee steady. Tea unchanged—common Congou is quoted at 10d. Tallow has a large speculative inquiry, but the market closed flat at 51s@50s 6d. Turpentine Spirits steady at 37s@37s 6d. Iron—Welsh rails and bars firm at £6 5s for both. Fish Oils are quiet. Linseed dull at 33s. Rice (Carolinas) quiet.

☞ THE OMNIPOTENCE OF LOVE.—Love has made a grave gouty statesman fight duels, the soldier fly from his colors, a pedant a fine gentleman, and the very lawyer a poet.—*Wycherley.*

☞ I had rather believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind.—God never wrought miracles to convince Atheists, because His ordinary works are sufficient to convince them. It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to Atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth them back to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest on them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ An Indian out West was heard to make the following exclamation, on seeing one of our fashionable (hooped) ladies:—"Ugh! much wigwam."

☞ CHESS PROBLEM.—John and Julia's problem, by Amator. John to mate and move in two moves:—

John moves his arm round Julia's neck:
She moves one square and whispers check;
He, nothing daunted, moves right straight
His lips to hers and calls out mate!

SOLUTION.

Poor Julia yields to love's constraints;
Sighs, blushes, palpitates and faints.

☞ WEIGHING A THEFT.—A citizen missed two pounds of fresh butter, which was to be reserved for himself. The maid, however, had not only stolen it, but fastened the theft upon the cat; averring, moreover, she caught her in the act of finishing the last morsel. The wily cit immediately put the kitten into the scales, and found it to weigh but a pound and a half! This mode of accurate reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confessed her crime.

YOUTH.

The love of higher things and better days,
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is called the world, and the world's ways;
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

—*Byron.*

☞ A lady wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass:—

"God did at first make man upright; but he—"

To which a gentleman added:—

"Most surely had continued so; but she—"

☞ Old Squire Greed was notoriously parsimonious, but, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult Dr. Syntax. "What shall I do for my head? It's so dizzy I seem to see double." The doctor wrote a prescription and retired. The recipe ran thus: "When you see double you will find relief if you count your money."—*Boston Post.*

☞ Intellectual cowardice is the only form of that vice which is at all common in this country, but it prevails to a lamentable degree. Most writers are so nervous about the tendency of their books, and the social penalties of unorthodox opinion are so severe, and are exacted in so unsparing a manner, that philosophy, criticism, and science itself, too often speak among us in ambiguous whispers what ought to be proclaimed from the house tops.—*Edinburgh Review, on Buckle, April Number.*

☞ An Irish housemaid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply; "he's just sharpening his teeth."

Oh, how the passions, inxolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
Make us the madness of their will obey;
Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey!

—*Crabbe*

☞ The marriage of a much loved child may seem to a parent a kind of death. Yet therein a father pays but a just debt. Wedlock gave him the good gift; and to wedlock, therefore, he owes it.

☞ The Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, of Tron Church, Edinburgh, in his prayers one Sunday, belched out most vehemently against Louis XIV., then King of France, and amongst other good wishes he prayed "Tak' him, Lord, tak' him, neck and heels,—shake him o'er the pit o' hell; but for gudesake dinna let him fa' in." Considerably charitable.

☞ THE GOLDEN MEAN.—For aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.—*Shakspeare.*

☞ The distinction between liking and loving was well made by a little girl six years old. She was eating something at breakfast which she seemed to relish very much. "Do you love it?" asked her aunt. "No," replied the child, with a look of disgust; "I *like* it. If I *loved* it, I should *kiss* it."

☞ LEARNING AND WISDOM.—The learned man is only useful to the learned; the wise man is equally useful to the wise and the simple. The merely learned man has not elevated his mind above that of others; his judgments are not more penetrating—his remarks not more delicate, nor his actions more beautiful than those of others. It is wholly different with the wise man: he moves far above the common level—he observes everything from a different point of view; in his employments there is always an aim, in his views always freedom, and all with him is above the common level.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

THE greatest glory of a free-born people
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.

—*Howard.*

☞ Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this; to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.—*Bible.*

THAT place that does contain
My books, the best companion is to me;
A glorious court where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels,
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
To a strict account; and in my fancy
Deface their ill-placed statues.

—*Massinger.*

THE RECAPTURED AFRICANS.—The Journal of Commerce learns that the contract concluded by Mr. McLain, Secretary of the American Colonization Society, with President Buchanan, provides that the negroes are to be fed, clothed and instructed, for the space of one year. They are to receive instructions in the arts of civilized life, and whatever may seem best qualified to fit them for usefulness in Liberia. Their youthfulness is favorable to improvement under such a regime, very few of the number having yet reached maturity.—Under the laws of the Liberian Republic, all persons under age are bound out during the period of their minority—a fact which, the President remarked, gave him assurance that they would be suitably cared for. For the services thus rendered, the Society will receive something less than $50,000, or $150 for each negro. As soon as the contract was completed, Mr. McLain immediately left for New York, where purchases of provisions were made to the amount of $9,000; clothing, $2,300; agricultural implements, $1,000; all of which were shipped on board the Niagara.

We are informed that the negroes will not all be landed at one place, but distributed in small detachments at several points along the coast, whence they will be sent off to the receptacles for newly arrived emigrants recently prepared at Careysburg and other salubrious points, for settlement in the interior. As it is not probable that more than three weeks will be consumed in reaching the African coast, the negroes will have been absent from home about three months—a period so brief that they will not be liable to the climate fevers. During the voyage, they will occupy the spar deck of the frigate, so lately filled by the telegraphic cable, and be served with food, and sleep in blankets on the deck, as is customary with lower class passengers.

An English officer writes from India of the taking of a Rajah and the sacking of his palace. They found in the treasure vaults large bags containing 320,000 rupees and £80,000 in gold, with jewels estimated at £200,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

If we would inquire into the bearing of manufactures upon prosperity and population, as contrasted with mere commerce, a striking illustration may be found in the comparison of Manchester and Liverpool. In the twenty years between 1831 and 1851 Manchester increased from a population of 261,584 to 439,797, while Liverpool, in the same period, only advanced from 165,221 to 258,346.

A portion of the 69th (Irish) New York regiment, Col. Ryan, are making preparations to visit Ireland by one of the Galway steamers. Upwards of one hundred, rank and file, have signified their intention to go. Lord Napier has been written on the subject, and he has written for the opinion of the home government. It is believed no opposition will be made.

THE English East India Company, whose existence as a corporation ceased on the 1st inst., received its first charter in 1600, and in the following year they, for the first time, equipped and sent out a fleet of five sail, the largest of which was 600 tons, and the smallest 100 tons.

THE POTATO ROT.—The rot, though in some places severe, is not general, and it is now evident that the supply of sound potatoes will be abundant. At New York, the market is largely supplied, and the price ranges from $1,25 to $2,25 per barrel, the latter for very fine and large Mercers. There is no rot in the Middle States, and it is mostly confined to some sections of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, near the seacoast.

AN UNLUCKY PIPE.—An English paper states that a laborer, engaged in cutting a wheat field at Highfield, in Derbyshire, was smoking his pipe, when some fire from it ignited the standing grain, and destroyed in a few minutes between five and six acres of wheat.

NEW COTTON AT NORFOLK, VA.—The first bale of new cotton was received at Norfolk, Va., on Tuesday week, by the Seaboard and Roanoke railroad, from Eli Cherry, of Martin county, North Carolina, and sold at fifteen cents per pound.

AMONG the arrivals by the Asia was Mrs. Gurney, widow of Joseph John Gurney, of Norwich, England, brother of Mrs. Fry. She designs to settle permanently in America, the land of her birth. A large gathering of the members of the Society of Friends assembled at Liverpool to take leave of the widow of so prominent a member of that society.

SIGNIFICANT.—A friend of ours was complaining yesterday of a boil. "Do you put anything on it?" was asked. "Yes," he replied, "I put a pair of pantaloons on it this morning." We compassionated him, and asked no questions about the *seat* of the complaint.

THE ADRIAN BALLOON ASCENSION — PERILOUS SITUATION.—ADRIAN, Michigan, Sept. 17.—Mr. Thurston, the aeronaut, who was carried off by his balloon yesterday, was seen at a quarter past one o'clock, P. M., at a great height, in the direction of Malden, Canada West, as ascertained by compass bearing, by the parties observing him. After Mr. Bannister, his companion, had alighted, the basket and netting were removed and the balloon inverted, to facilitate the escape of the gas. Mr. Thurston was holding on to the uninflated portion, seated on the valve-board, when it ascended with him.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN AT WHEATLAND.—LANCASTER, Sept. 17.—President Buchanan arrived quietly at Wheatland last evening. He came in his private carriage from Columbia. This is his first visit home since his election. He has not yet visited the city, being engaged on his own private affairs.

LATE news from Utah says that Brigham Young still keeps himself concealed, and is living in constant danger and fear of the vengeance of his own people, who have become greatly incensed at the unveiling of enormous frauds. This is a confirmation of former reports, that were not generally credited.

THE Boston Traveller says, it has thus far been found impracticable to lay a submarine cable that will remain for any length of time, between the main land and Martha's Vineyard. A line has been twice laid from Falmouth across the Sound to the Vineyard, a distance of about four miles; but it has soon been broken by the winding of the sea-weed around it, and the strength of the current. Bunches of the sea-weed accumulating, in a short time, to the size of a haycock, would get tangled around it, till the force of the stream or tide, in the Sound, would break the cable. The cable used is similar to the Atlantic cable.

THE U. S. District Court at Charleston, S. C., has refused the motion for a discharge on habeas corpus of the crew of the slave brig Gen. Putnam. The prisoners, who were in court at the rendition of the decision, were remanded into the custody of the U. S. Marshal, who took them back to the jail, where they had been previously confined.

THE editor of the Fredericksburg News writes from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Spring that, among the complaints he had there heard, the most reasonable was that of a young lady who uttered the following: "Two weeks here at two dollars a day, besides the bar bill, and no beau yet."

A good deal of feeling exists among the spiritualists, growing out of the separation of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, the celebrated trance medium, and her husband. Domestic difficulties have been the cause.

MAINE ELECTION.—Merrill, the Republican candidate for Governor, has been re-elected by about ten thousand majority. Mr. French, Republican, has been elected to Congress from the Third District, by 25 to 50 majority, and not Mr. Johnson, as the first returns seemed to indicate. The delegation, consequently, continues all Republican.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, Sept. 13.—A spirited election took place here to-day for Assessors and members of the Board of Relief. The Democrats were successful by eight majority.

JUDGE BREESE, of Illinois, the Administration candidate for Senator, publishes a letter in the Missouri Republican on the subject of Illinois politics. He denies that he is not a candidate for the Senate, and also the assertion that he supports Douglas. He denounces "all conspirators and disorganizers against the honor and integrity of the Democratic party," and says he will follow that party and no individual.

THE CHANCES OF DOING FOR GOLD IN WINTER.—According to Mr. Yale, chief trader at Fort Langley, Fraser River is frozen tight enough for skating upon it from the latter part of December till the last of March. The water falls in September, and does not rise again till May, and then keeps high till September again. If this statement be true, whatever gold there may be in Fraser River it is likely to remain there, for the working season, under the most favorable circumstances, cannot be over two or three months in the year.

HORSES KILLED BY EATING ROTTED OATS.—A Canada paper says that a gentleman recently turned five horses into a field of rusted oats, and they were all found dead the next morning.—Rust is supposed to be caused by a very minute insect, which lives on the juice of the straw, and the rust is its poisonous secretions.

INTERESTING TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—One of the courts of the State of Indiana, recently made a decision, which is of interest to all newspaper proprietors throughout the Union. A controversy existed relative to the charge for advertising, between the Commissioners of Hamilton county and the Patriot newspaper. It was held by the Judge that "the published terms of newspapers constitute a contract. If work is given to newspaper publishers without a special contract contravening the published terms, the publisher can charge and receive according to the terms so published. It is not necessary to prove what the work cost, or was worth: the publishers have a right to fix the estimate value of their columns, and if so fixed, no other question need be asked, but the price thus charged can be recovered."

NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Softs had the upper hand in the Convention, and elected Horatio Seymour President. The difficulty between the Tammany Hall delegation, and the Fernando Wood men (Hards), was decided by the committee on contested seats reporting in favor of the entire Tammany delegation—whereat the Wood men withdrew in a body, under protest. The following nominations were made:

For Governor, Amasa J. Parker. [All the other candidates withdrawing.]

Lieutenant-Governor, John J. Taylor, of Tioga.

Canal Commissioner, Sherburne B. Piper, of Niagara.

State Prison Inspector, Edward T. Donnelly, of New York.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 16.—The Convention adopted resolutions of a national character, and then adjourned *sine die.*

WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—A recent article says:—"The writer of this has been shown a list of *forty trance speaking mediums*, of both sexes, which will soon be made public, who have either separated from their husbands and wives, or are living in extreme unhappiness. The list includes most of the prominent speaking mediums of the country. Some women have abandoned their husbands for other "affinities." One who has figured in the recent Free Love Conventions is set down as having abandoned two husbands, both of whom are living—and one woman traded husbands with a sister spiritualist. The male mediums are represented as of the same sort."

☞ Mrs. Speckles says the best vegetable pill yet invented for destroying a gnawing at the stomach, is an apple-dumpling.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been but little activity in the Flour market since our last notice, and at the close prices fell off 12½c ₱ bbl, there being only a limited inquiry for both export and home consumption, the receipts having materially increased. The sales for shipment comprise only 5000 bbls at $5,50@5,62½ ₱ bbl for fresh ground from new wheat; $6@6,25 for extra, and $6,50@7 for extra family, including 200 half bbls at $3 ₱ pair; 200 bbls sour extra family at $5,50, and 50 bbls middlings at $4. The sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers have been to a fair extent within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been steady at $4 ₱ bbl, but with very limited sales.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have somewhat increased, and the demand having fallen off, prices have receded 1@2c ₱ bus. There is no shipping demand, and the millers are purchasing cautiously. The sales amount to about 35,000 bushels, ranging from $1,25@1,30 for fair and choice red, and $1,35@1,40 for white, including some Kentucky do at $1,45, and inferior lots below our lowest quotations. Rye comes in slowly; sales at 70@75c for new, and 78@80c for old. Corn has been scarce and in demand at an advance of 2c ₱ bus; sales of 12,000 bushels yellow at 90@92c in store, and 92½@93c afloat, including 1400 bushels white at 86c, and inferior at 80c. Oats were in active request early in the week, but since the demand has fallen off, sales of 8@10,000 bus at 43c for new Delaware and Pennsylvania, and 50c for old crop. Some lots have been purchased for shipment to New Orleans.

PROVISIONS—But little doing in any description. The receipts and stocks of Pork are light, but there is very little demand for it, and the sales have been only in a small way at $18 for Mess, and $15,25@15,50 for Prime. City packed Mess Beef sells slowly for ship stores at $15@16,50, cash. The market is bare of Prime Beef. Bacon has been exceedingly quiet, with continued light supplies, light stocks and a light demand. Small sales of Hams at 9½c, and Shoulders at 8½c. Lard—The stock is light, and prices firm. Small sales of bbls at 12c, and kegs at 13c ₱ lb, cash. Butter is firmer, and there is less offering. Sales of solid packed at 11½@13c, and Roll at 13@16c ₱ lb, as in quality.

COTTON—There has been a steady demand from the manufacturers, and with light supplies and moderate stock, holders are firm at the improvement noted last week. The stringent rates demanded, and the favorable tenor of the advices from abroad, however, had a tendency to somewhat restrict operations. Sales of 800 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 12½c ₱ lb, for ordinary up to 13½c cash, for middling fair quality, and 12½@14c on time.

BARK meets a fair inquiry, but at a decline of $1 ₱ ton. Sales of 75 hhds No. 1 Quercitron at $30. Tanner's Bark comes forward slowly and is but little inquired after. Sales of Chestnut at $11, and Spanish at $12,50@13 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is in demand, and good yellow sells on arrival at 31c ₱ lb cash.

COAL is unchanged. The receipts, both by railroad and canal, from the Lehigh as well as from the Schuylkill region, have been quite moderate, but the demand has been limited, and the stocks are rather accumulating. Prices, however, remain without change.

COFFEE—The stock of Rio in first hands is about exhausted, and of Laguayra it is quite small. An import of 1631 bags of the latter has arrived this week. Sales of 400 bags Rio at 10½@11½c, and 950 bags Laguayra at 12c, on time.

FEATHERS are in demand, with very few offering. Sales of prime Western at 50c ₱ lb, cash.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit comes forward slowly. Dried Apples command 7½@8c. Green Apples range from $2 to $4,50 ₱ bbl.

HIDES are generally held above the views of buyers, who are not disposed to operate to any extent at the present high rates, and the market has ruled very quiet during the past week; the arrivals have been confined to some few lots received from the South.

HOPS are quiet, but firm, and a small business doing at 10@12c for '57, and 20c ₱ lb for 1858.

IRON—There has been very little demand for Pig Iron, but prices continue as last quoted. Sales of 7@800 tons Anthracite at $21, $20 and $19 ₱ ton, cash, for the three numbers. A small sale of superior Charcoal Blooms at $80. Limited sales of Bar and Boiler Iron at previous rates.

LEAD—The stock is extremely light, and it is more inquired after. A sale of 527 pigs Virginia at 5½c, on time, interest added.

LEATHER—There is a fair demand for prime stock, but other descriptions are neglected.

LUMBER—There has been but little inquiry for any description, and the supply is far in excess of the demand. Sales of 30,000 feet Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $14,50 ₱ M feet, and Laths in lots at $1,20@1,22. A lot of W. O. hhd staves sold at $45.

MOLASSES is extremely quiet. The only sales reported are small lots of Cuba at 30@31c, and Sugar House Syrup at 40c.

SEEDS—The receipts of Clover seed are increasing, but it is in limited request, and prices are lower. Sales of 800 bus were made at $5,50@5,62½ ₱ 64 lbs for fair and good old crop, and $5,75 for new. 1200 bus Timothy sold at $1,94 ₱ 2,12½, and 600 bus Flaxseed at $1,69½@1,70 ₱ bus, at which figures it is wanted.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin are unchanged. Sales of Bohlen's Gin at $1,05@1,10. N E Rum is selling at 37@38c. Whiskey continues very dull. Sales of Penna and Ohio bbls at 24@25c hhds at 24c, and drudge at 23@23½c.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet, with light supplies and stocks. Sales of 250 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 7@8½c, on time. The refiners reduced the prices ½@1c.

TALLOW is scarce and firm. Sales of City Rendered at 10c, and Country at 9½c, cash.

TOBACCO—Prices continue very firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, and there is a steady home consumption demand. The stocks of the latter, especially of the finer descriptions, are extremely light.

WOOL—The market continues quite firm, there being a fair demand for the medium and low grades, which are getting scarce. Sales of 150,000 lbs ranging from 31 to 50c ₱ lb, cash, for common and fine, including a lot of 40,000 lbs extra fine Saxony at our highest figure.

TERRIFIC ADVENTURE
IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark and deep and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe whilst Bengal lights were thrown down it to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the cave if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago, a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared do, and making his arrangements with great care and precaution, had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but at that point his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman, of Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave, with Professor Wright, of our city, and others determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength for the purpose. The rope and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of proposed exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope, with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged, and the long continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it as far as possible against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit, and directed the half dozen men who he'd the rope, to let him down in'o the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top he saw a ledge, from which, as he judged by appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and, as he descended by the side of the falling water, and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about eighteen feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silex of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations, as pure and white as virgin snow.

Making himself heard, with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to step on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of that cave; he swung himself with much exertion into it, and holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach. The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and, by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in *securing* the rope.

Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue 150 or 200 yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth of this avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but not being able to swing himself into it, he refastened the rope around his body, suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope, being ill adjusted around his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril. When he was 90 feet from the month of the pit and 100 from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable.

But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted from their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Professor Wright, from over-exertion and excitement, fainted, and remained for some time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name engraved in the depths of the Maelstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.—*Louisville Journal, 11th.*

THE SO-CALLED CESSIONS OF TERRITORY BY THE STATES TO THE UNITED STATES.—There are those who think that the individual States which have ceded territory to the United States have a superior claim to its proceeds. But they do not advert to the history of these cessions, nor seem to understand the ground upon which they were made. At the time of the revolution there was a vast body of vacant land appertaining to the crown, and the question arose whether it belonged to the States within whose chartered limits it was situated, or to the Union in its federative capacity. It was contended, and with irresistible force, that this land was acquired by the common exertions of all, and that the title of the crown passed to the Union, which represents all, and not to the several States, who had no other claim than the mere circumstance that the territory in question was located within their chartered limits. This view prevailed, and Virginia, New York, &c., ceded to the government of the Union the vacant lands within their respective limits, which, prior to the revolution, belonged to the crown.—*Philada. North American.*

A CAPITAL IDEA.—The estimation in which a doctor is held in China, is rather a proof of his ability than of any general regard that is felt for the medical profession in the Celestial empire. Every time a person dies, the physician who attended him in his last illness is obliged to have a lantern suspended over his own door which he must light every evening for a certain space of time. Such a regulation in this city would be injurious to the gas companies, but would save the corporation much expense in lighting the streets. The Chinese, also represent Medicine in an allegorical picture on which are painted two sick men lying side by side in bed. These are meant for the invalid and the disease of which he is suffering. The doctor is represented blindfolded and with a heavy club in his hand, with which he strikes at random, right and left. If he strikes the disease it is destroyed—but the chances are equally great in favor of his annihilating his patient—a fact that we are also beginning to appreciate in this country.

BARON HUMBOLDT says that he shall die next year, and has desired the postponement of the publication of an edition of his works until after that time.

☞ One of the neatest replies ever heard in a legislative body, or anywhere else, was lately made by Mr. Tilson of Rockland, Maine. A member had replied to something Mr. Tilson had said, and pausing a moment, he inquired if he saw the line of argument. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "in answer to the gentleman, I would say, I hear the humming of the wheel, but I do not see any thread."

☞ A critic was never better criticised than when Goldsmith said of Lord Kames's Elements of Criticism, "It is easier to write that book than to read it."

☞ The toothache may be cured by holding in the hand a certain root—that of the tooth.

☞ The gentleman is known at once by his walk, the lady by her carriage.

☞ Voltaire's saying in answer to a stranger, who was observing how tall his trees grew, "that they had nothing else to do!" was a quaint mixture of wit and humor.

THE ELECTRO-SILVER PLATING of Messrs. J. O. MEAD & SONS.—If splendor, usefulness and economy combined, possess attractions for families of judgment, taste and experience, then it may be fairly inferred that the strong and beautiful silverware of John O. Mead & Sons, whose superb store is at 843 Chestnut Street, corner of Ninth, will become more popular than ever. This firm combines the most useful experimenters of the United States, in the production of articles that equal in durability, or burnished, chased and frosted surfaces, the manufactures of either Birmingham or Sheffield. Mr. Mead, Sr., is the first silversmith that brought the galvanic battery into operation in this country, in the process of electroplating; while an inspection of the ample, varied and elegant stock at the establishment of J. O. M. & Sons, will abundantly show that they have since greatly improved the invention. While we applaud the laying of the Atlantic cable, and conveying of the galvanic current beneath the sea for international purposes—let us not forget the advantage of employing the same element in coating a hard, pure metal with silver, thicker and in every way superior, to the laminæ laid on by the older fashion, and which are so liable to crack or peel off. How much this invention increases the elegancies and comforts of life, how economical is it, especially in large hotels, and to how many artisans does it give employment! In the Mead manufactory alone, nearly one hundred artists and workmen are enabled to support their families by manipulation in the precious metal; and so perfect are the results of their labors, that written guarantees are confidently given with articles sold, denoting that with fair usage, they will last for a generation. In short, by the improved Mead process, the silver is incorporated, as it were, with the substance covered, that substance being a white, ringing metal, and not the soft composition of pewter-like ductility formerly used. But what are the utilitarian and *economic* elegancies that are produced by Mead & Sons? We italicise the word "economic," because with all the effect of entire silver, more than half the cost is saved, and also because the very breakage of tea and dinner services in china, would soon pay for beautiful sets of Mead's Electro-Plated, that would at any rate endure in constant use for a life-time; while—

"Every household chief, whether gay or sedate,
Rejoices in tables well furnish'd with plate."

But we must not pass over *sub silentio*, the many beautiful forms and devices that are employed to please the eye, both modern and antique—the latter in several cases being adopted from the Greek, Etruscan, and the Roman, as revealed from the volcano-buried treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii. These graceful effects are conspicuous, even in the carved spoons and grotesque handles of epergnes, bowls, ice and water pitchers, tea and coffee-pots, while not a few goblets with gold interiors, are worthy in shape and symmetry, to have figured in the regal halls of Belshazzar or at Alexander's Feast. The epergnes are chaste, ornate, massive or gorgeous, to suit the diversified fancies of customers—so also the handsome salvers. But the dinner and tea equipages, highly burnished, and enriched with floral garlands and embossed emblematical devices—in some instances even with landscapes—are glorious triumphs of artistic imagination and skill, transcending in beauty anything of the kind that we had ever before seen, even at Mead's. Then the "Magic Castor" is a charming contrivance, as curious as it is elegant. The wine-coolers and punch-bowls are all superb; likewise the vegetable and butter dishes and covers, and the fruit, bread and cake baskets. There is one very classic and even lofty pyramidal ornament for the dessert table, containing silver baskets suspended from brackets, for confectionary and other delicacies, and mainly supported by three Caryatidæ-like figures, symbolizing Agriculture, Commerce and the Arts. This is truly a *chef d'œuvre*, both in design and execution.—Neither must the spoons, ladies, pearl handle knives and forks, with a brilliant polish, be overlooked; nor lastly, the communion plate, in which there are several appropriate services. One exquisite feature in Mead's plating is, that in chasing, every point, line and minute device in carving or raising, is displayed in full relief, whether in dead or burnished silver. Mead's establishment is, in short, one of the institutions of the city, from which orders are filled and despatched to all parts of the Union; and we may add that magnificent prices are made for Agricultural Fairs and other public occasions.

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS, CHOLERA MORBUS, DYSENTERY, and DIARRHŒA, JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM will be found a certain and safe remedy. It has been the standard remedy with hundreds of families for *nearly thirty years*, each year adding to its popularity and usefulness. To every mother we therefore say, keep a bottle of it constantly in your house, as it may thereby be the means of saving the life of some of your family. It is pleasant to the taste, and the youngest children will take it without difficulty. The following certificate is worthy perusal:

HOWARD'S GROVE, Sheboygan Co., Wis.
DR. D. JAYNE—

Some time ago my wife was attacked with Diarrhœa, which continued for three weeks, and during that time she was attended by different physicians, who, with all their skill, could not stop the disease. I had lost all hopes of her recovery, then I happened to think of your Medical Almanac, and after having consulted it, I found that you recommended your Carminative Balsam. After my wife had taken two doses of it she had some relief, and two bottles effected a perfect cure. GODFREY HASSE.

The Carminative is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States and Canadas. sr18-3t

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A FAVORITE REMEDY.—There is no medicine so extensively and favorably known as PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER. Its rapidly increasing sale in South America, India and Europe is ample proof of its success in those countries. Sold by all medicine dealers throughout the United States and Canadas.

HAVE YOU THE DYSPEPSIA? the Asthma? the Liver Complaint, or General Debility? does your food distress you? Do you suffer from nervous irritation or *ennui*? Take the Oxygenated Bitters which cures all these.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. sr11-18t

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PHTHISIC OR ASTHMA.—Those of our readers who suffer from this distressing complaint, are referred to the advertisement of *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy* in another column.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Sept. 18.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm; 12,000 bbls sold; wheat buoyant; 20,000 bushels sold; red 117@125c; white 138@140. Corn firm. 30,000 bushels sold; mixed 70@74½, white 88. Lard heavy at 11½@11¾. Whiskey dull at 24.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	11	11	11	11
Middling	13½	13½	13½	13½
Md'ling fair	15½	13½	14	14

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
Prepared by Doctor C. M. JACKSON,
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach.

Every family should have a bottle of these Bitters in the house.
ONE DOSE will instantly relieve a sick stomach.
ONE DOSE will cure the most distressing heartburn.
ONE DOSE will allay any agitation of the nerves.
ONE DOSE taken an hour before meals, will give a good appetite.
ONE DOSE will, in many cases, cure the most severe headache, when proceeding from a disordered stomach.

These Bitters can be obtained at any Druggist's or seller of Patent Medicines in the United States and Canadas. Price 75 cents per bottle. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U. S. 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62		
" " '67		
" " '68		
" 5 " coupon '74&1079	103¾	
Phila 6 pr ct	90	91
" " new	103	103½
" 5 "	97	98
Penna 6 pr ct	93	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
Allegh'y Co. 6 pr ct	—	—
" " County "	—	—
R R issue	31	32
" County 6 pr ct	—	—
Penn R R issue 5's	—	—
Penna 6 pr ct	100	—
" 5 " coupon	94½	96
" 5 "	89	89½
Penn 6 pr ct	101	102
" 5 " coupon	77½	78
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6 "	84½	84½
Ohio 6 " 1856	107	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia 6 "	92½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	82	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	137	140
Philadelphia	115½	116½
Far & Mec	98½	99½
Commercial	48½	49
N Liberty	56	60
Mechanics	27½	28
Southwark	75	78
P Township	34½	35
Kensington	64½	65
Girard	114	115
Western	65	70
Man & Mech	27	29
Commerce	63	65
Tradesman's	60	—
City	45	—
Consolidation	24½	25
Commonwealth	21½	22
Corn Exchange	20½	24
Germantown	57	70
Manufac'rs & Pittsb'g	56	58
Exchange	66	—
Kentucky Ky.	113	—
Northern "	118½	120
Louisville "	109	109
Farmers "	116	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	100½	100½
Planters "	100	101
N O Gas Light	125	130
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	22	25
Lehigh Zinc	4	5½
New Creek	1	1½
New Granada	1	1½
N America Ins'nce	15½	16
Liberties Gas	28	—
South wark & Frankford RR	53	56
Bonds	85	86
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100	103½
2nd "	97	98
stock	42½	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds	86	—
stock	108½	109
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	92½	94
mort 6's '44	91	93
" " '56	70	70½
stock	33½	33½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	83½	84
stock	—	36
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	34	—
6 pr ct loan '50	100	100½
Chas Val R R '75	32½	33
Tioga R R	35	38
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	72	—
2d "	50½	51
stock	10½	10½
Catawissa	6½	6½
Beaver Meadow stock	93½	96
preferred 10 pr ct loan	94	—
North Penna R R stock	91	94
6 pr ct loan	86½	90
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	30½	32
6 pr ct loan	90	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	89½	90
stock	—	—
Har and Lan R R stock	52	52½
bonds '69	96½	98
L. Schuylkill R R stock	24½	27
Long Island R R stock	118	120
bonds	79	—
Erie R R stock	19½	—
Hudson River R R	27½	—
L. Central	10½	—
Michigan Central	64	—
Illinois	93	—
Michigan Southern	23½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'l Nav 6 pr ct loan '62	66	66½
imp. 6 pc ct	69½	70
stock	7	8½
preferred	16½	16½
Lehigh Nav stock	30½	31
mort 6 pr ct scrip	98½	97½
Morris Canal'd preferred	37½	38½
	43	44
	101	101½
Ches & Del bonds	30	45
	77½	80
Union	3	5
Lehigh	35	37
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1878	—	5
	45½	47

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.
JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting tib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	8 a 10
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a 14	Young Lamb, whole	25 a 35
Chuck pieces	8 a 11	Who'e carcass	5 a 9
Plates and navels corned	3 a 10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a 75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	8
Leg, each	31½a37½	Hind "	10
Shin	25 a 25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 9	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried beef, ₱ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1.75
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ₱ set	18½a25
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 a 6
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a15
		Hams, s'ced	14 a15
		Bo'ogna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Do do, ₱ lb	6 a 8
New pot's (N J), ₱ bus	1,00a1,25	Cum pot's, ₱ bus	62½a87
Sweet potatoes ₱ lb	6½	Onions, bus	50
Corn, ₱ basket	75	Egg p'nts, each	12 a18
Cabbages, ₱ head	8 a10	Tomatoes, ₱ basket	37½a50
		Squashes, ₱ basket	31,a62½

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bkt	2,00a2,50	Canteloupes	1 a 3
Do bl pk	25 a31	Watermelons	10 a25
Peaches ₱ basket	87½a2	Sickle Pears ₱ qr pk	50
Do Roest	2,3 a5		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₱ pair	50 a87	Road Bird ₱ doz	56 a 75
Chickens, ₱ pair	75 a1,33	Rail ₱ doz	40 a 50
Teal ₱ pair	62 a1,00	Chickens, ₱ lb	10 a12½
		Sqb Pig'on, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ bkt	50 a75	N Y do, ₱ bbl.	10,00 15,00
Do, ₱ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Ches & Del)	6,00 a8,00
Morris River Cove, ₱ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, ₱ lb	10
		Clams, M	1,00a1,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	31 a35	Blue Fish, lb	12
Roll "	22 a28	Salt do, lb	11
Eggs, doz	19 a19	Mackerel	10
Codfish	6 a 9	Sm'd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	a 6	Honey, lb	20 a25
Halibut, lb	12½	Smearcase, cake	2

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, September 18, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks	par to ½ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford & Tioga	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
Shamokin	10 dis	ALABAMA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	1 to 5 dis
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
DELAWARE.		All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
MARYLAND.		Solv bks	1 dis
Baltimore	½ dis	OHIO.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
MAINE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks	½ dis	State bank	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
VERMONT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Old banks	3 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solv bks	1 dis		

AGENTS WANTED for "The City of the Great King"—the most superb work on Jerusalem ever issued, $3,50; "Hadji in Syria," 75 cts. "In and Around Stamboul," a charming book on Constantinople, $1,25. "Carpentery Made Easy," the most valuable work for Carpenters extant, $3. Sample copies of all the above will be sent, postpaid, to Agents, *for $5*, and a still more liberal deduction if ordered by express.
JAMES CHALLEN & SON,
1t 25 South Sixth St., Philada., Pa.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, jly24-3m 181 William Street, New York.

AMERICAN WATCHES.
We have now on hand an assortment of the celebrated American Lever Watches. They possess great advantages over the English or Swiss, being less complicated, more durable, and not so liable to get out of order. For keeping time they are unrivalled. Persons in want of a good Watch are invited to call and examine them. Also on hand an assortment of English and Swiss Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware.
CASSIDY & BALL,
je5-tf No. 12 South Second St., Philada.

ACCURACY & DURABILITY,
THE AMERICAN MANUFACTURED WATCHES.
Warranted superior to the *Imported Watch* of same cost, for Durability and Accuracy of time. Admirably suited for Conductors and Engineers on Railroads, and all others requiring *Correct Time-Keepers*, the Watch being stronger made and less liable of being put out of order than any Watch made. Also, ENGLISH and SWISS WATCHES, of every description, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, at the very lowest prices, and sent to any part of the United States. J. LADOMUS,
sr4-6t 639 Market St., corner of Decatur.

CANCER CURED.

☞ CANCERS, TUMORS, SCROFULA, ULCERS, &c., cured in a short time, without surgical operations, by Dr. LOUNSBERRY & CO., No. 50 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia. The Pamphlet on Treatment and Cure of CANCER, sent to any Post-Office address, free of charge; or advice may be had, by inclosing a stamp for answer. 1t

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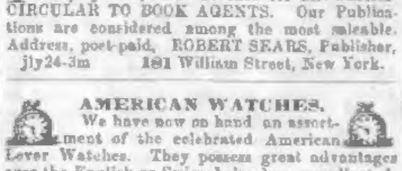

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent*.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
oc16-1y 376 Chestnut St., Philada.

AGENTS WANTED,
In every County in the United States, to sell the VERY BEST BOOKS Published in the the Country. A small capital only is required, and a profit of from $3 to $5 per day can be realized by industrious, persevering men.

Our Publications are useful, interesting and instructive, commanding large sales wherever offered. For full particulars, address
LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,
an28-3m No. 234 North Second Street, Phila.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell four new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 90 pages of particulars, gratis.
jly24-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a *responsible* name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH A. CUBA, of Cuba, to Miss MARTHA W. GIBBON, of Mount Holly, N. J.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., PARKER H. BRADFORD, of New York, to ELIZABETH A. CRAIGS, of Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, HENRY HOWSON, to ELIZA, daughter of the late Capt. D. Brewton, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Cheeseman, THOMAS B. COCHRAN, to Miss ELIZABETH MCCAUGHEN, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. WILLIAM MCCOMB, to Miss JOANNA SCOTT, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. MARLON HAWKINGS, to Miss MARGARET A. TURNER, both of Bristol, Pa.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. GEORGE ALRICH, to Miss SALLIE A. DUFFIELD, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Thos. J. Shepherd, Mr. SIMEON L. ZANE, to Miss TILLY E. LENTZ, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his plantation, on Dry Bayou, in St. Landry Parish, Louisiana, on the 24th ultimo, JAMES MORGAN, of a disease of the heart, in his 68th year. His remains were interred with Masonic honors at Moundville on the 25th ultimo.

On the 13th instant, STACY B. PAYTON, aged 33 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. SARAH E. TOMER, aged 52 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. CHARLES WALKER, aged 30 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. JULIA ARMSTRONG, aged 80 years.

On the 14th instant, JAMES BLACK, aged 76.

On the 12th instant, JAMES SYMINGTON, aged 62 years.

On the 13th instant, THOMAS LANCASTER, aged 88 years.

On the 11th instant, CHARLES HIMES, aged 34.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM DERMODY, aged 50 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. ROSANNA HAMILTON, aged 70 years.

On the 5th instant, GEORGE HARRIS, aged 68.

On the 6th instant, MARGARET AYE, aged 82.

On the 5th of August, at her residence, near New Alexandria, Westmoreland county, Pa., in the 53d year of her age, Mrs. JANE KENNEDY, wife of Mr. David H. Kennedy.

The character of Mrs. K. was adorned by many excellent qualities, modest, kind and gentle. She was highly respected by all who knew her, and was especially loved by her husband and kindred. Her last illness, which was protracted and severe, was borne with great fortitude and patience. The power of a good hope of salvation to dispel the fear of death and brighten the prospects of Heaven, and interest the soul in the eternal welfare of surviving friends, was remarkably displayed in the last days of Mrs. Kennedy's life. Let her grief stricken husband and sorrowing friends profit by her last counsels, and prepare to follow her to that rest which remains for the people of God.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

SIXTEEN YEARS
IN THE
WILDS OF AFRICA.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED,
to sell *DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS* during a residence of Sixteen Years in the Wilds of Africa. This is a work of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes among savage beasts and more savage men. Dr. Livingstone was alone and unaided by any white man, travelling with African attendants, among different tribes and nations, all strange to him, and many of them hostile, and altogether forming the most astonishing book of travels the world has ever seen. All our Agents acknowledge it is the most salable book published. The most liberal commission made to Agents, in small or large quantities. For particulars, address
J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.
Copies sent by mail on receipt of the price, $1,25.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

From among the hundreds of favorable notices, from the most respectable journals of the country, of our cheap edition of "LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS IN AFRICA," we take the following:—

It abounds in descriptions of strange and wonderful scenes, among a people and in a country entirely new to the civilized world; and altogether we regard it as one of the most interesting books issued within the past year.—*Daily Democrat, Paterson, N. J.*

It is emphatically an edition for the people; and, judging from the rapid sale with which it is meeting, it is fully appreciated by them.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

The book is having a great run, and will be read by every reading man, woman and child, in this as well as other lands.—*Ashtabula (Ohio) Telegraph.*

The work is finely illustrated, well printed and firmly bound, thus answering in every respect the demand for a popular and cheap edition of the "Journeys and Researches in South Africa." Those of our readers who would have a delightful book for reading at any hour will not be disappointed in this work.—*United States Journal.*

With truth we can say that seldom is presented to the reading public a work containing such a vast amount of solid instruction as the one in question. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and presents that unique appearance of exterior for which Mr. Bradley's publications are noted.—*Family Magazine.*

This interesting work should be in the hands of every one. Its interesting pages of adventures are full of instruction and amusement. Ten thousand copies, it is stated, have been sold in one month.—*Auburn American.*

Dr. Livingstone's Travels and Researches in South Africa appear to great advantage in this edition, which is undoubtedly the edition most acceptable to the reader who reads for practical instruction and amusement.—*Saturday Post.*

The edition of Dr. Livingstone's Travels, published by J. W. Bradley, is just what it purports to be. Like all of Mr. Bradley's publications, it is excellently gotten up.—*Tioga Agitator, Pa.*

We can recommend the edition of Dr. Livingstone's Travels, published by Bradley, of Philadelphia, as every way worthy of public patronage. Its excellence and its cheapness recommend it over all others.—*Frank Leslie's Magazine.*

CAUTION.—The attention of the Publisher has been called to spurious editions of this work, put forth as "Narratives of Dr. Livingstone's Travels in Africa." Ours is the only cheap American edition of this great work published, and contains all the important matter of the English edition, which is sold at six dollars.

N. B.—Send for our List of Publications, which includes some of the most popular and salable books published. It is sent free to any part of the United States. sr25-tf

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$25—THE BEST $28 SEWING MACHINE EVER INVENTED. The subscribers having obtained letters patent for a new DOUBLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE, that is not inferior to the best in the market, offer State and County Rights for sale on such terms as to make it the best inducement ever presented to engage in the Sewing Machine business. This machine is new in every respect. It will sew every kind of fabric, from stout leather to fine muslin, with either cotton, silk or linen thread, and is eminently worthy the attention of capitalists.
Address FETTER & CO.,
aug 21-tf 31 S. Sixth St., Philada., Pa.

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PRICES REDUCED.

LARGEST AND MOST SELECT ASSORTMENT
OF
FIRST CLASS CABINET WARE
IN THE UNION,
524 WALNUT STREET,
Opposite Independence Square, Philadelphia.
GEORGE J. HENKELS,
my29-6m Formerly of 113 Chestnut Street.

TO DEALERS IN OIL CLOTHS.

The Subscriber, having superior facilities for manufacturing FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR and CARRIAGE OIL CLOTHS, is now prepared to offer great inducements to buyers from all parts of the country. A large stock always on hand. Warehouse 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
THOMAS POTTER,

Wit and Humor.

SHAVING A NOTE.

Old Skinflint was the most celebrated broker in Philadelphia—his "shaving" operations were famous, as he usually took not only the beard and whiskers, but "one pound of flesh in addition." Young Harry Scarum was one of those dashing chaps who love wine and horses, and who form a majority of the borrowers. Harry having many wants, on various occasions borrowed of Skinflint at three per cent. a month "off," and having at sundry periods made "raises," paid off his responsibilities. At last he got tired of such constant borrowing and repaying. It would be six years before his estate could be sold, under the terms of his father's will, who had prudently postponed that event until Harry should reach the age of "thirty," and Harry concluded it would be better to make a heavy operation at once, and be rid of the botheration of continual borrowing. Away to Skinflint's he hied, determined to procure a good round sum, and so be done with it.

"I want ten thousand for six years."

"Hem! What security will you give?"

"Oh, you may have my bond—that will bind my property."

"Hem! What discount will you give? You know my rule is always to take discount 'off'—besides, you owe me one thousand, due to-day, and I lent you ten in the street the other day."

"I won't pay what I have been paying: one and a quarter per cent. is enough. You take it 'out,' and take what I owe you besides."

"Hem: well, here's a bond for ten thousand dollars at six years; sign it, and it will all be right."

No sooner said than done. Harry affixed his autograph, and hummed a tune while Skinflint got his check-book and made a calculation.

"Have you got ten dollars about you?" asked Skinflint in a moment; "if so, let me have it."

"All right, old boy," said Harry, supposing he wanted to make change, "here it is."

"Hem! hem!" cried Skinflint, locking up his desk, and making preparations to "shoot."

"Stop, old fellow," said Harry. "Where's my money?"

"Your money! you've got it!"

"Got it? what do you mean?"

"Why, I was to take 'off' the discount, wasn't I, and the thousand?"

"Yes; I want my money!"

"Why, my dear fellow, you've got it. Ten thousand at one and a quarter a month for six years, is nine thousand—a thousand you owed me—and jest paid me the ten—it's all right, my dear boy—a fair business transaction."

SHOWS AND MORALITY.

Artemus Ward, showman, writes a letter to the Cleveland Plaindealer, in which he maintains that wax figures are more elevating than the drama. Hear him:—

"I'm travelin with a tent which is better nor hirin halls. My show consists of a serious of wax works, a panetamy called a Grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, comic songs and the Cangaroo, which last little cuss continues to conduct himself in the most outrageous style. I started out with the idea of making my show a great Moral Entertanement, but I'm compelled to sware so much at that air infernal Cangeroo that I'm fraid this desine will be flustrated to sum extent. And while speakin of morality remines me that sum folks turn up their noses at shows like mine, sayin they is low and not fit to be patronized by people of high degree. Sure i maintain that this is infernal nonsense. I maintain that wax figures is more elevatin than all the plays ever wroten. Take Shakespeer for instance. People think he's grate things, but I contend he is quite the reverse to the contrary. What sort of sense is thare to King Leer who goes round cussin his darters, chawin hay and throwin straws at folk, and larfin like a silly old koot and makin a ass of himself ginerally? Thare's Mrs. Macbeth, she is a nice kind of woman to have, ain't she, a puttin old Mac, her husband, up to slayfng Dunkun with a chees knife, while he is payin a frindly visit to their house. O it's highly morality i spoze, when she larfs wildly and sez 'gin me the daggers—i'le let his bowels out,' or words to that effeck—i say this is all strickly proper, i spoze? That Jack Fawlstaf is likewise a immoral old cuss take him how ye may; and Himlit is as crazy as a loon. Thare's Richurd Thurd—peple think he is grate things, but i look upon him in the lite of a monster. He kills everybody he takes a noshun to, in cold blood, and then goes to sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a hoss, so he kan go orf and kill sum more people. If he is not a fit spesimen for the galleries then i should like to know ware yu find um. Thare's Iergo who is more ornery nor pisun. See how shamefol he treated that highly respecterble injun gentleman Mister Otheller, makin him for to beleave his wife was tu thick with Cashco. Observe how Iergo got Cashco drunk as a biled owl on corn whiskey in order to carry out his sneakin desines. See how he wurks Mister Otheller's feelings up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemony swaller a piller which causes her death. But i must stop. At sum future time I shall continue my remarks on the drammer, in which i show the vast superiority of wax figgers, snaix and other fixins in a interlectooal pint of view."

☞ The old nursery rhyme of Mr. and Mrs. Spratt has thus been improved by a suffering Benedict—

A wife, to dress in the mode, I guess,
Picks a husband's bones quite clean;
And poor Mr. Spratt must cry "no fat!"
As his wife will *cra-no-line*.

A Lover's Conundrum.—Why is love like a canal boat?—Because it is an internal transport.

An Defense Upon the Point of View.—A man who has been West, and been chased by an Indian, writes:—

"Much has been said by poets and romantic young ladies, about the picturesque aspect and noble form of an untamed, untameable warrior of the prairie, and far be it from me to gainsay them. An Indian is a noble spectacle—in a picture, or at a safe distance—but when this 'noble spectacle,' in company with a dozen other 'noble spectacles,' is moving his moccasins in your direction, and you have to do some tall walking in order to keep the capillary substance on the summit of your cranium, all his 'nobility' vanishes, and you see in him only a painted, greasy miscreant, who will, if you give him a chance, lift your hair with the same Christian spirit, composed and serene, with which he would ask another 'spectacle' for 'a little more of that baked dog.' I used to think like the poets; now the sight of an Indian gives me a cramp in the stomach."

Why "X" Stands for 10.—At a public examination of a "common school" by one of Her Majesty's inspectors, the boys were asked, "Why does the letter V stand for five?" Here all were dead silent, and most of the children began to stare afresh. This silence the inspector himself broke by asking what letter stood for ten? Answer: "X." "Now," said the good gentleman, "if you cut the letter X into two parts just in the middle, what will you have?" Answer: "Two V's." "Well, then, don't you see that as half ten is five, so half the letter X is V, and so V stands for five; and two V's joined together in the middle part make X, and X stands for ten."

Useful Receipts.

Bottles for Preserving Fruit.—The *Ruralist*, of Springfield, Ohio, says:—

The better half of the editor hereof, wishes the readers of the *Ruralist* to try her plan for putting up fruit, if they are not posted in it already, and see if it has not ease and safety to recommend it. She lays aside all self-sealing cans, patent glass jars, earthen and fancy stoneware, of which we have such a variety in the market, preferring a simple, plain glass bottle, any sort or size of a glass bottle that has a wide mouth. If the best and safest, they are also the cheapest, as quart bottles may be got for a dollar per dozen, or a dollar and a half at most.

Place the bottles on the hearth while the fruit is cooking in another vessel. Let them heat very gradually, and there is no danger of breaking. Do not cook the fruit too much.—Be careful and have it at the boiling point when the bottle is filled, that the steam may displace all the air in the bottle, and leave a vacuum when it condenses in cooling.

Then *use no corks in sealing*. If there is no current of air to blow from door to window upon the bottles and break them, you are ready to proceed. Furnished with circular pieces of new cotton drilling, and equal parts of gum shellac and resin, with a very little beeswax, as the bottle is filled, spread the melted wax evenly upon a piece of cloth, and apply, wax down, to the mouth of the bottle, bring down the cloth over the rim of the bottle, and tie it firmly with a string. Then spread a coating of wax over the upper surface.

As the bottle cools, the pressure of the air will indent the surface of the cloth, and give infallible proof that all is safe.

By this method a child of ordinary intelligence can put up fruit, with absolute safety.—There can scarcely be a simpler method, or a cheaper, and certainly not a safer.

We have never lost fruit put up in this way. The corks are entirely useless, and not always reliably safe.

The *Germantown Telegraph* comments on the above as follows:—

"We have no doubt of the truth of the above, inasmuch as some of our friends in this region have for years followed the same method with complete success. The real secret of preserving fruit for an indefinite period, in jars, cans, bottles, &c., *is in the perfect exclusion of the air*. Without this, there is no safety, whatever may be the other arrangements adopted."

To Destroy Ants.—A strong solution of chloride of lime, sprinkled about the places where they frequent, we have found an effectual remedy for both the red and black ant. As an experiment, I sprinkled some of this solution on an ant-hill, long inhabited by black ants, and in a few days I found that the whole colony had left for parts unknown.—*Corres. of Rural New Yorker.*

Corn Oysters.—Take a dozen ears of corn, (the white flour corn is the best,) grate it off the cob, add to it one pint of new milk, two teaspoonsful of ground pepper, one of salt, a teacup of flour; stir together, and fry them small in hot butter as griddle cakes. Send them to the table hot and covered. To be eaten with butter. Good at any meal, but fine for tea, and very much resembling oysters.

White Copper Cream.—Put a quart of milk on the fire, with about six ounces of white sugar. In another vessel beat up the yolks of ten eggs, and pour the milk gradually upon them. Roast your coffee (three or four ounces) till it is of a very light brown color, and gives out all its flavor; break it in a mortar, slightly, and add it, whilst hot, to your hot custard. Strain through a jelly-bag, pour the cream into cups, and put them *au Bain-marie* to cook till they are quite set. This is the most elegant of coffee creams; it is hardly darker than a vanilla cream, and has a very delicate flavor.—Everything depends on the coffee being used whilst hot, so as to catch the aroma which goes off as it cools.

Why We Are White.—A Mahometan Affghan priest thus explained to a large audience, who wondered how it happened that Europeans differ in color from themselves: "Their faith forbids the European women to suckle their children, and they supply the mother's place by an ewe. This, therefore," he said, "preserves the natural whiteness of the skin: but they are not the less half beast, half man: and that is the reason they cannot understand the sublime religion of our venerated Prophet."

MR. PAUL MORPHY, THE AMERICAN CHESS CHAMPION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HERBERT WATKINS, OF REGENT ST., LONDON.

For the following sketch of the career of the famous American Chess-player, says the *London Field*, we are indebted to the kindness of one of his oldest and most intimate friends:—

Paul Morphy is a native of the city of New Orleans, and was educated at Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Alabama. His father was born in Charleston, South Carolina, of Spanish parents, and became one of the most eminent Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana. United to a French Creole lady of the latter state, the subject of our sketch was born on the 22nd of June, 1837, and at the early age of ten years learned the moves of chess from his father, at his own earnest solicitation. The family of Morphy has long been known in the south and west of the Republic for the eminence of its members in the mysteries of Chess, and foremost among them stood the uncle of our hero,—Mr. Ernest Morphy. This gentleman is of equal strength with Mr. Rousseau, of New Orleans, who has, for many years, been a frequent visitor at the leading clubs of London and the Continent, and whose presence we are again happy to welcome in Europe. *At a very early age*, young Paul had played some hundred games with his uncle, and about half as many with Mr. Rousseau; almost all the games towards the last being won by their youthful opponent. Whilst still a mere boy, he played thirty games with Mr. James M'Connell, winning all but one, and on the 22nd and 25th of May, 1850, (not yet thirteen years of age) he encountered the celebrated Hungarian, Herr Lowenthal, the result being, in some measure, no doubt, owing to Mr. L.'s underrating his young antagonist, Morphy, 2; Lowenthal, 0; drawn, 1. It is not unfair to suppose that the desire to wipe out this defeat had something to do with Herr Lowenthal's challenging his youthful victor in the match now pending.

For several years past Mr. Morphy had only played with amateurs, to whom he gave the rook or knight—odds in which, from his brilliant style of play, probably no one living can surpass him. But the meeting of the first Congress of American Chess-players in New York offered a field for the display of his extraordinary powers, and his visit to the Empire City was hailed with satisfaction by nearly all the leading athletes in the States. Comparatively little is known in England of the strength of American players: at the time of the Congress, the New York Club contained such men as Mead and Thompson, gentlemen well known at the Cafe de la Regence, and who received only small odds from Kieseritzky and players of equal grade. Lichtenhein, a trifle stronger, had been President of the Konigsburg Club, in Germany; and Charles H. Stanley is no new name to Englishmen. In other cities of the Union were amateurs of equal force, such for instance as Montgomery of Philadelphia, and Paulsen, then unknown to fame. Could our readers examine some of the games played by the above gentlemen, they would have a high opinion of the knowledge of the "King of Games" in the Great Republic.

The Hon. A. B. Meek, Judge of Probate in the State of Alabama, and one of the leading jurists and orators in America, was the first to give the New York Club an idea of Paul Morphy's powers. When he informed the members that the youthful Louisianian would certainly carry off the prize in the tournament he incurred a good deal of bantering, one gentleman answering—"Because he beats you, judge, you think he must necessarily beat everybody else,"—a reply which, however brilliant, proved unsound. Mr. Paulsen also gave it as his decided opinion previously to Mr. Morphy's arrival that he would vanquish all competitors, and he frequently expressed his belief, during the Congress, that should Morphy visit Europe, he would prove his superiority over every living player. Mr. Paulsen's admiration for the young Louisianian was so great, that whenever the latter was engaged in a game he could not be lured from watching him. But it is not merely over the board that Paul Morphy exerts his powers. As a blindfold player, no one ever before succeeded in conducting seven games, with the exception of Paulsen, and he has frequently stated in New York that he felt satisfied Morphy could play as many games as himself. The latter is considerably stronger blindfold than Paulsen, and some of his battles are surprising examples of brilliant strategy. We are happy to announce to our readers that Mr. Morphy intends playing eight blindfold games simultaneously during his visit to London. [Mr. Morphy has since played those eight games, blindfolded, and gained all but one.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

It is necessary to observe that, from the very small size of the chess-board and men used by Mr. Watkins in taking the photograph, Mr. Morphy appears to be taller and stouter than he really is. His height is about 5 feet 3 inches, and his slenderness of figure is such as to give him a remarkably youthful appearance.

Agricultural.

THE HOG CHOLERA, AND ITS REMEDY.

This disease, so fatal to the hog during the past year, has again committed its fearful ravages during the present. In the West its devastations have been remarkably extensive; and in our State it has made its appearance in Montgomery county to the great loss of some of our farmers. In Tennessee, it has appeared *in Carrol county, and in Virginia in* Kenhawa county. In Ohio and Kentucky the losses are great, but in Indiana, the disease appears to sweep like a pestilence.

In Gibson county in that State, the Princeton Clarion says: "The heaviest hog raisers have lost from three-fourths to four-fifths of their stock. Every public road seems to be strong with the stench from the rotten carcasses left to moulder and decay near them; and some of the branches are running greasy water, where the carcasses have been thrown in, as a convenient place to get rid of them." Various remedies have been proposed and some are said to have been successfully used; a correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette prescribes one pint of wood ashes and one table spoonful of copperas mixed with meal and bran; a writer in the Louisville Courier recommends one or two quarts of corn boiled in ashes; and, if the animal be past eating, to mix up some tar and water and pour down its throat; whilst a third party gives, in the Ohio Cultivator, the recipe of a quart of sweet milk and three or four pods of red peppers boiled together and given warm.

But the best and surest cure, is that effected by the use of a remedy mentioned in the following, which we have from the Baltimore Sun of last year, where it was first published by the discoverer, Dr. James Higgins, late State Agricultural Chemist:

The public attention has been for a long time directed to the existence of a fearful malady amongst hogs under the above name. It has prevailed for more than a year in the large distilleries of the West and South, as well in the small pens of country farmers in the East and North; it has committed serious ravages in the southern and middle States; and early in the spring I was called on by the owner of a large distillery here to attend to his hogs, which were rapidly dying. I went at once to see them, and obtained for examination the blood of many of the hogs in perfect health for the purpose of comparison with that of those *in articulo mortis*, (in the act of dying.) These examinations, carefully made, revealed the fact of a high inflammatory condition of the system. As the subjoined analysis shows:

Healthy Hog Blood—Clot—firm, not large; scarlet colored; solids, normal; fibrin as 2.33 per 1,000.

Diseased Hog Blood—not firm but large; brown colored; solids, less than in the healthy; fibrin as 5.60 per 1,000.

The blood in each case was taken from the arteries.

This condition of the blood evinced a high degree of inflammatory action, but did not show in what particular organ or organs, structure or structures, the inflammation was located. To discover this I made numerous *post mortem* examinations, and found, 1st: The brain healthy; the heart, do.; stomach, do.; bowels, including the greater or lesser intestines, do.; kidneys, do.; liver, do.; melt or spleen, do.; *lungs intensely diseased*; in the upper part they were engorged with dark, grumous, bruised-looking blood, and in the lower lobes the inflammation had proceeded to suffocation, being filled with purulent bloody matter, and entirely incapable of carrying on the process of breathing. The left lung was generally more affected than the right, and in every instance the inflammation had proceeded to a greater extent in the lower than in the upper parts of the lung—in some cases the peculiar structure of the lung could not be seen, so entirely had it become disorganized. In no cases were well defined abscesses found nor was the windpipe inflamed but a short distance from the seat of the diseased lung.

Symptoms.—The first symptoms were a laziness on the part of the animal affected, some loss of appetite, a kind of husky grunt approaching to a cough, sometimes a slight purging of the bowels, and a yellowish colored urine; then the animal would become more weak and seem to be paralyzed in the small of the back, totter about for a short time, and finally lie down and die.

The treatment was divided into two parts—phophylactic (preventive) and curative. With a view to the first the pens were scattered over with plaster of Paris and water slacked lime, whilst at the same time, they and the troughs were washed, with gas tar. The curative treatment was the administration of soda-ash and barilla.

There is some trouble in the solution of barilla, and on this account soda-ash should always be used with it. About ten grains of soda-ash and the same amount of barilla should be given to each hog two or three times daily, mixed in their food. This should be given to the healthy as well as the sick hogs. To the well it does no harm; to the sick it is a successful remedy. As in the human species, so in hogs—inflammation of the lungs is a most insidious disease, going at once to the destruction of the patient before the mere symptoms give cause of alarm, and in many instances hogs which appeared healthy yet were seriously affected with lung inflammation.

The above remedies were used on about three thousand hogs, and in the utmost intensity of the disease. The number of their deaths diminished seventy-five per cent. on the second day after their administration, and in a short time the disease disappeared from the locality.

As soon as the hogs were manifestly sick they were put in pens to themselves and subjected to the above treatment. Of these about thirty per cent. recovered, whilst before all died.

Cause.—It is a disease of general atmospheric origin, influenced by special, local, exciting causes, such as the sweating sickness, black death, cholera and other epidemics, which at different times have devastated, more or less, all parts of the earth, and of whose intrinsic nature we know but very little. It is not confined to distilleries, but has also proved destructive in the country. It is not produced by strychnine, or any vegetable or mineral poison.

The disease attended with swollen jaws, the proper name of which is *hog quinsy*, prevailing in some parts of the State, has no connection with the above, and can be most successfully treated by making incisions over the swelling and then pouring in a small quantity of salt and turpentine.

I should be obliged to persons throughout the United States, who have observed this disease, to examine the blood and the different organs, and report to me the results; should any be incapable of making an analysis of the blood I will with pleasure furnish them with instructions how to perform it.

James Higgins,
State Agricultural Chemist of Maryland.

[*Barilla*—mentioned in the foregoing, is the ash of the Fucus, a marine plant that grows abundantly on the rocks of the Isle of Jersey, and is gathered on the western coasts of Great Britain, of Ireland and of France, for the purposes of manure. When used as such in the United Kingdom, it is called kelp, and in France varec, or as it is called in Jersey, vraic. It was valued chiefly for the soda it contained, but since that salt has been produced so cheaply artificially, it has ceased to be as highly esteemed or as extensively used.—*American Farmer, Baltimore.*

Horses Stiffened and Hoof-Bound.—Let me tell your readers a few things I have learned by experiment, which is of lasting benefit to all concerned. A horse that is driven on a hard road is liable to get stiffened. I have seen valuable horses driven on our plank roads a few days get quite lame. I reasoned to myself of the cause, and produced a remedy which proved effectual. I have since tried it on foundered or hoof-bound horses, and with good results. I made a solution of salt and water, and applied it three times a day, by washing the legs and pouring upon the bottom of his feet and holding them up a few minutes to let it strike in, and saw the wonderful effects in a few days. I account for it in this way:—salt will extract moisture from the atmosphere, which keeps the feet moist all the while; it acts nearly like melted grease upon the foot. The hoof becomes tough but yet pliable. Like a chunk of wood saturated with salt or brine, it is tough yet moist; and so with a horse's foot. And here let me add, the practice of rasping the cracked hoof to toughen it is all folly. Apply your brine and you will effect a cure. Try it, and blame me if it does not. The above is cheap and effectual, and will well pay you for your paper for one year.—*Correspondent of Ohio Cultivator.*

How to Produce Large Fruit.—A correspondent of the Gardener's Gazette, (Eng.) says, by a very simple and easy process, fruits of many kinds may be raised about one-third larger than is usually the case, and of greatly improved quality. The secret consists in supporting the fruits so that they shall not be allowed to hang the whole weight upon the stalk, or twist about in the wind. The Gazette states that when fruit is allowed to hang naturally upon the stalk, the increasing weight strains the stem or twig, and thus lessens the quantity of nutritious food flowing to the fruit, which may be supported either by tying it to the branch with a piece of string or by enclosing it in a small net. Flowers, such as dahlias or pennies, may also be rendered much larger by the adoption of this system.

☞ It is a fine remark of Rousseau's, that the best of us differ from others in fewer particulars than we agree with them in. The difference of a tall and short man is only a few inches, whereas they are both several feet high. So a wise and learned man knows many things of which the vulgar are ignorant; but there is a still greater number of things the knowledge of which they share in common with them.—*Hazlitt.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 49 letters.
My 19, 29, 24, 28, is the god of war.
My 6, 1, 26, 27, is a very ancient city in Italy.
My 47, 2, 4, 20, 42, 22, is a city in New York.
My 30, 31, 39, 28, 33, 21, is what distinguishes man from the brute.
My 14, 13, 17, 15, was an ancient city.
My 16, 17, 18, 49, was a British general in the American revolution.
My 11, 15, 34, 1, 46, was a celebrated poet.
My 23, 24, 25, 26, 29, was the scene of a fearful battle.
My 44, 12, 8, 28, 32, 16, 5, 9, is one of the planets.
My 23, 5, 6, 5, 28, is the goddess of agriculture.
My 21, 33, 37, 30, 39, 40, 20, 35, 31, is a noted cathedral in France.
My 38, 29, 34, 29, 28, is a river in England.
My 10, 37, 20, 2, 8, is a country in Europe.
My 32, 41, 23, 31, 30, 17, was an ancient orator.
My 4, 6, 3, 28, 7, 1, 2, is a city in England.
My 28, 48, 45, 13, 42, 20, is a city in Palestine.
My 36, 48, 20, is a beautiful name.
My 6, 1, 2, 20, 42, 40, is the name of the author of my whole.
My whole is an oft-quoted exclamation uttered by a French heroine upon the scaffold.

Louisville. MARIE BURRIDGE.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 1, 8, 24, 5, is an animal of America and Europe.
My 5, 11, 12, 15, 2, with the twentieth letter of the alphabet, will form the name of a much petted animal.
My 5, 8, 9, 19, 18, 24, 8, 17, is an animal found in the cold regions of Europe.
My 6, 3, 10, is a domestic animal.
My 12, 24, 26, 17, is a wild animal of the genus Ursus.
My 12, 13, 31, 23, 24, 5, is an animal of Europe.
My 14, 20, 23, is a domestic animal.
My 15, 16, 10, 29, 19, is an animal to be found on the prairies of the west.
My 15, 22, 12, 29, 20, 27, is an animal of Africa.
My 17, 6, 7, 21, 29, 20, 27, is an animal of America.
My 17, 29, 16, 19, 20, 21, 24, 5, 29, 3, is an animal of Asia and Africa.
My 25, 26, 9, 27, 21, 28, 16, 30, 30, 26, is an animal of South America, found in Chili and Peru chiefly, and is very valuable on account of its fur.
My 28, 29, 4, is a domestic animal.
My 30, 2, 29, 27, is an animal of the genus Felis.
My 26, 29, 5, 10, 8, is a domestic animal.

My whole is an Eastern saying.

N. Y. "NED" T. B.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Under the trees where the sylvan brook
Flows with a silver gleam,
Have you sat with rod and line and book,
Dreaming the sweet day-dream—
And known my tree was on the brook
By the float upon the stream?

In tropic lands wild beasts of prey
Oft cause alarm and fright;
Although they're seldom seen by day,
They prowl around at night.
And in my second they're apt to stay
When they wish to shun the light.

Pleasant it is to take a walk,
Where trees and flowers grow,
Or with our friends to sit and talk
Where brooks and streamlets flow;
And this can in my whole be done,
As you will quickly know.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If you should ever cross the sea,
Within the ship my first you'll see.

If you should not be ever true,
My second I am sure you'll do.

If you should go to "Grampian,"
My third I think you'll stand upon.

If you should go to Boston-town,
My whole you'll see, of great renown.

GABMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first on every farm is seen,
And highly valued too,
But yet it's name is always used
For all that's mean and low.

My second an appendage is,
Which by my first is borne;
My whole some fifty years ago
By gentlemen was worn.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The largest square that can be inscribed in a certain right angled triangle, standing on the base measures 444 perches on a side; the largest square that can be laid off within it, standing on the hypothenuse measures 420 perches on a side? What is the length of each side respectively?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is filling lamps a proper work for servants? *Ans.*—Because it is a sort-ile business.

☞ When are women fathers? Ans.—When they are sighers (sires).

☞ When is a man like the atmosphere? When he's an heir (air).

☞ Why is a bad dog like an illogical inference? Ans.—Because he *doesn't follow*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Battle of Plattsburgh and Lake Champlain. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—General William Walker, the Renowned Filibuster. CHARADE—Madagascar. CHARADE—Fortnight. RIDDLE—Centipede. ANAGRAMS—Washington, Marietta, Saginaw, Winchester, Houston, Monroe, Columbia, Charlotte, Dallas, Peoria, Bangor, Fulton, Georgetown, Edenton, Owensboro, Dayton. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—137 pounds.

☞ Chinese Definition.—Pride objects to carry a cotton umbrella, and gets wet through for its pains.—*Punch.*